

HENRY DARGER -

" THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO "

*Microsystems, Inc.*

# VOLUME THREE

*Microsystems, Inc.*



(1214)

8-2-16

"I think I was a savage.  
I did it because I love you  
so much."

"We all love you" added the  
rest.

"yet by the way Gemmie" con-  
tinued Perrod "I'm afraid I  
shocked you by the way I was  
and handled that little dirt  
scoundrel."

Gemmie was silent she  
not how to answer.

"Well let me tell you this  
I know him through his  
parents. I know all about  
him. And he's one of the  
 vilest little scoundrels  
that ever walked the  
streets of this city. You  
are shocked and you feel  
in some way you were  
ungrateful to me and  
being so ~~bad~~ But I got

want to tell you something  
 There's not a single little  
 girl of your age in Chicago  
 who would not have been  
 shocked. And more there's  
 not one good woman in  
 a thousand who would not  
 have been shocked.

But as to men or boys  
 and it is only men or  
 boys who know boys like  
 Stanislaw - there's not  
 one in a million who would  
 not say that I had done  
 exactly the right thing.

"His world" he continued  
 looks mighty good to  
 me but just the same  
 there are in it a few  
 slimy creatures so vile  
 that it's hard to really

understand how God allows  
 them to exist."

"Nice fellow" said James  
 Andrews sarcastically. "I would  
 not call him a rat Perrod.  
 That's an insult to that  
 animal and—"

Suddenly a sharp cry  
 from his sisters caused  
 Perrod to whirl round,  
 and as he turned the cry  
 was followed by a yell of  
 pain. A horrible sight greet-  
 ed Perrod's eyes.

Stanislaw having un-  
 seen picked up a long  
 heavy stick standing up  
 against a wall had been  
 about to bring it down in  
 one murderous blow upon  
 his head.

Violet had jumped  
 under the would be  
 murderer's arm and  
 and gripped him most  
 savagely with her

strong little arms bringing from the bad boy the scream of agony. Pernod took one quick step forward but he was too late. Unable to shake Violet from him the enraged little devil brought down with all his might the stick upon the little girl's head.

A low moan came from Violet as she collapsed.

Again Stanislaw raised the stick but before he could renew the attack Angelina always the quickest in action her eyes blazing with blind anger rushed him like an enraged tigress and pulled the stick from him so hard that it shot through an open window like an arrow and went clean across the street into the window of another house.

at the same time she pulled the stick from him with her left, she struck with clenched right fist a blow under the chin that sent him reeling. Following this up with a left swing to the nose she caught the boy, whirled him around and with a strength made more than normal by her blinding rage kicked him from the room through the doorway and with a final kick that sent the boy sprawling, returned to Violet to whom Pernod and her sisters were trying to render first aid.

Violet was lying flat her eyes closed the blood trickling from one side of the head Burns had called for a doctor.

who came in a hurry.  
 "Violet, Violet, dear Violet"  
 cried Pennod throwing his  
 arm tenderly about her as  
 she lay on the davenport  
 to which he had brought her.  
 At the sound of her brother's  
 voice she opened her eyes,  
 eyes of love.

How wistfully she gaz-  
 ed at Pennod. It was the wist-  
 fulness of love the love  
 which is too big for ex-  
 pression.

The doctor after bandag-  
 ing her head said to  
 Pennod: -

"Keep her still as much  
 as possible. I believe she  
 will be all right to mor-  
 row. That arm awful  
 knock that little brat  
 gave her but there's  
 no skull fracture  
 thank God but she  
 must be kept as quiet

as possible!"

"Oh Violet, Violet, that  
 he would do that to you  
 while saving me" contin-  
 ued Pennod.

Violet mourned weakly  
 and with an effort raised  
 herself to a sitting posi-  
 tion. Pennod took her by  
 the arm with one hand,  
 putting the other in an  
 affectionate embrace about  
 the savior of his life and  
 gazing with all tender-  
 ness into his sister's  
 pathetically wistful  
 eyes. She read that glance  
 the wistfulness vanished  
 calm and quiet took its  
 place and she smiled. He  
 then helped her to her  
 bed. His sisters were so  
 upset that they couldn't  
 find voice to speak. Pennod  
 stayed with Stanislaw  
 so he could not slip away.



What was to be done depended upon the Vivians and their decision. After a few minutes the doctor making sure that Violet was all right, left, then Pernod nudged Angelina.

She understood and arose following Pernod into the room where Stanislaw. Pernod grimmed.

"You were going to try to kill me after all eh?" he demanded in a sarcastic tone. "And you would strike one of my sisters down instead?"

Stanislaw did not answer. He couldn't find word to say anything.

"So you meant to keep keep your threat?" Pernod went on in the same sarcastic tone.

"And when she rightly interfered you beat my sister Violet to the floor."

When we first knew you, your family not being able to pay back or rent were thrown out into the street. We paid the rent, got your father a good job, saved your sisters life, invited you all to a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner and gave you all expensive presents.

"We even bought the house from its owner, out of our own money and signed it over to your parents as their property."

Yet you the black sheep of your family were hostile to us and called me that name in the park when I mistook you for the writer of that note. When you get help for the devil in

I esemans house against us then you try to kill me, and brutally strike down my sister. That's your way of gratitude to us, your repay. Well I'll tell you what. I and my sisters can play the same game.

"We're going to cast votes on a matter pretty serious and yet give you no chance what ever. I'm going to vote against them and they are going to vote against me. If even any one of my sisters loses you're going with us to the crazy house. If I lose you're going to do the same thing."

If any one of my sisters wins or I win, it'll be the same.

If it's a draw you'll go. If one of us draws a black paper, you'll

miss going there then but you'll go to the reform school. You'll have no fair play as you gave us no fair play. Now how do you like that?" "No oh no, oh please don't do that" Stanislaw pleaded rising.

Bernad only shoved him roughly back into the davenport then they went to rejoin their good little sisters.

"Better consult the angel of the medal first though" warned Angelina. "If something happens to the boy we might be responsible and get into trouble with his parents." "His parents haven't anything to say in this matter" said Bernad. "He's a little criminal"

"He ought to be sent to an Abbreannian prison" declared Perrod bitterly. But I'll consult it" he added, "I'll do what the angel advises."

Perrod made the consultation. Then he turned to his sisters.

"The angel says it would serve him right, but don't bother voting on it. Take him right away. He deserves it, as his sin is very great."

"Why not wait until it is night?" suggested Andrews.

"We'll keep him there all night" said Perrod.

So they despite his pleas and struggles hustled him into a taxi and rode as far as the block east of Western Ave.

Then they walked him the rest of the way. When they had reached the gate he promised he would

be good in the future, would be their friend and so on, but they seeing through his lies, hustled him on right through and sped on down the walk. However they were all so excited that they forgot Mr Elm tree and hurrying on came within easy reach of the branches before they even thought of the tree.

The branches swung down grasped each at the same time, Perrod no exception and they were simultaneously flung swiftly in eight different directions to a great distance.

They fortunately were not hurt though surprised and bewildered.

Strange as it may seem not a branch touched Stanniolau, for she observed

what was going to happen beforehand and jumped out of the way. With hasty speed he ran for the gate, but the little Virians having reunited closed in on him, just as he reached it, and he was again captured.

This time the little Virians were more prudent and they watched out for the crazy tree which certainly did its unusual crazy act at their approach. As they tried to run past it, it stretched its longest branches out after them to their bewilderment and panic swishing this time with the purpose to strike fatal blows.

By crouching low enough they did manage to get out of reach of the dangerous tree, which stretched its branches after them. A

branch struck Stanislaw on the shoulder but doing no injury though it threw him flat on his back. The lower branches lashed the grounds fiercely hurling snow and all sorts of debris upon them.

They were repulsed however and saw it almost impossible to pass that spot as the branches stretching themselves out miraculously reached clear across the broad walk.

The maze of swishing branches across the walk barred the way to the main entrance. It was the first time the tree ever did this.

They therefore retraced their steps deciding to get in by a side entrance, which they



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succeeded in doing, Stanislaw appeared to be too scared, to cry out or wail. In five minutes time, they were on the second floor. Stanislaw sure now was scared, but nevertheless all was still in the room into which they had brought him, in fact too still and quiet to satisfy any one, and almost too much for him.

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Viriamn trapped alone without their brother. What now? And so what?

Now see what you have got yourself into" cried Violet. We were good to you, tried to win your friendship, and you treated us like rats. This is going to be your punishment. We're going to show you that it is playing with lightning and fire to tangle with us in your wickedness. We could do worse if we desired, leave you here alone and lock you in, but we ain't mean and—" There was a terrible crash of shattering window glass.

The room they were in had a window facing the demon tree and the tree was still cutting up wildly

while a long branch struck a fearful blow against the window knocking all the glass out and smashing out the double frame work that held the glass in place.

Another branch reached in grabbed Pernod who was nearest the window and pulling him out swung away with him.

His sisters screamed in horror and George was too bewildered and scared to take advantage of their panic and confusion to try to make his escape.

Despite the peril from other branches they ran to the window

and saw him flung down to a lower branch

which hurled him into a snow bank of sturdy yards away with such speed that all the snow went

flying into the air like a shooting cloud hurled by an explosion. They retreated from the window just as other branches struck and swirled away one reaching in after them.

Though he was not hurt in the least nor even dazed, he had been pulled away from his sisters and now they were alone in the dreadful building with George Stanislaw.

Pernod regaining his feet fought his way desperately beneath the swaying branches of the tree, but reaching the main entrance the door slammed shut in his face and locked of itself. He then tried to get up to the windows by means

of the fire escape, but it too acted crazily and wouldn't let him go up. Burns who had not gone up, or on the building, meanwhile rushed to phone the fire department and call Father Bryan and other priests.

Pennod picked up a good sized stone tied a note to it and flung it into the broken window. The note they secured, told his sisters to keep calm for he will keep them the best he can.

"Try to the attic the note continued. "make the sign of the cross for every step of the way with the Holy water you've got. I'll get help."

For a time however they were afraid to even leave the room. They kept away from the window

for it appeared that the branches were still striving to reach in after them and making a strange loud buzzing sound.

To reach the attic they had two flights of steps to climb and one hall way to traverse. They also had two hours to go before night fall not getting out their Holy Water they forcing Stan-Islaw along with them left the room and proceeded down the hall toward the grand staircase.

They obeyed Pennod's injunction, but as they continued on they became aware of a strange sickening sensation and the hall floor began to tilt slightly length-

wise as if the hall was going to do an upside down act or phenomenon in that direction.

"Look out" cried Violet "Don't move anybody if it goes upside down here, we're sure goners. I'll recite that miraculous prayer at once".

And she did it. The floor righted itself with a sort of rasping snarling noise followed by a tumult of universe clicks from the walls.

They tried to reach the steps but the floor seemed to suddenly grow dangerously slippery and Violet fell head long. The others too lost their balance and lay face down on the floor. Stanislaw hoping to escape by means of this new

phenomena was first up also first down again, for no sooner did they rise and try to walk towards the stairs they were again flung violently on their noses.

"Sets go back to the room" said Gorce after her sixth tumble "I can't stand this".

"I can't stand at all" complained Germaine rolling over and looking appealingly at her sisters.

"Neither can any of us" confessed Angelina trying to wriggle back wards without getting up. But this proved impossible and finding they could not move back wards or forwards they sat up and look



ed blankly at one another then they became aware of a great clamor and confusion in the house. It was as if a thousand persons were singing a different song at the top of their voices, and you can imagine the awful discords. The little girls groaned and would have put their fingers in their ears, but it did no good.

"Well if this keeps on—" "Sh-h-h-h. Sets crawl for the steps" whispered Violet. "We may get up that way" "But in that fashion we can't make the sign of the cross." protested Catherine.

"And maybe the spectres won't let us crawl up either" added Daisy.

"Maybe we can try it any way" declared

Jennie "and while we are in this predicament, George can shift for himself if he wants to. He can escape too, for we can't be burdened with him now. The spectres won't bother him. I'm sure. They leave bad boys alone so I've heard, and torment the good."

"Oh no, please please don't leave me alone" wailed George beginning to cry. "Please don't leave me alone. I'll be good."

"You sure are a cringing coward" hissed Jennie.

"But to be left alone—" "Get in front of us then and mind you behave yourself and play no tricks. But if something happens to us we can't help you any."

They crawled on hands

and knees for the stairs. But it appeared that some unseen power held them back for, they tried in vain to get up the steps.

It seemed they were trapped.

In the meantime when the fire department got called they thought it was another fire (depot) phenomenon threatening the neighborhood and came as if there had been a 4.11 alarm.

When the first of them arrived they were surprised to find there was no fire.

But Burns explained matters. Following the fire department, came all the priests from sixteen parishes including Father Bryan and a swarm of detectives.

The firemen not knowing what to do, at

first hesitated about entering the grounds. However the hook and ladder truck was admitted into the grounds, but Burns and Pernod warned about the devilish Elm.

Firemen got axes from the hook and ladder and pumping truck, and in a swarm proceeded for the tree in a rush. They intended to dismember the branches.

So "Please oh please don't go near that tree," Pernod and Burns yelled together "It'll grab you with its branches before you can strike with your axes."

The firemen either didn't hear, or didn't pay any attention for they made a most desperate attack upon

the tree. A good number of them were fiercely whipped and pounded and hurled away headlong by the branches, some caught and flung, 'one being tossed against Burns both sprawling on the ground. To get the fire truck past that crazy tree without damage to it, was impossible.

Some of them decided to go a round a-bout way and place a long ladder up against the wall up, to the window so open, and could get back in and rejoin his sisters.

They went forward, with the ladder and placed it against the wall. A swaying branch sent the ladder crashing to the ground. The firemen

escaped the roaring branches in time or they would have been killed. At the same time the ladder had been placed, firemen crashed the main entrance with fire axes.

When they swarmed into the hallway and reached the stairway leading to the second floor they saw to their dismay the staircase was upside down.

"We're barked said the fire Captain "The steps are upside down. How can the demons do it?"

"They can do almost anything" said one of the firemen "They've got us stumped all right. Those human needs are trapped."

"How are we going to get

them out of the house? Their brother says the phenomenon won't let him in the rear." declared another.

"Can't say, it seems impossible."

They fearing the hall would also turn upside down too, fled out as they came out one of the firemen outside was lighting the fuse to a dynamite bomb with the intention to shove it towards the foot of the tree trunk. Two branches swung down. One grabbed the fireman the other grabbed the bomb and they were flung some distance both landing in the same place, the man fortunately unhurt.

and still more fortunately he had the quick presence of mind to put out the fuse before the flame

reached the explosive. It was just at that moment that Patricia and her younger sister Nell came running in having heard of their brother being trapped with the little Vivians in the building. The excited men didn't see the two little girls in time to stop them, and they not knowing their danger ran under the very demon tree.

Patricia was struck by a big branch that sent her flying in a perfect curve.

She landed unconscious onto the very seat of the hook and ladder truck.

Simultaneously the younger one was lashed back and forth by other branches, the very breath being beaten out of her so she couldn't cry out. Then another smaller



branch had her around the neck raising her upwards towards the second and round window of the room the little Virians had left and towards which they had returned with Stanislaw. The lower part of the window happened to be open and the branch thrust the strangling child into the aperture her bulging eyes and protruding tongue horrify and Violet, and her sisters.

George was too scared to act. Gennie, Violet and Joice slammed down the window upon the branch cracking it.

Though other branches shattered the glass and tried to reach for them the other little girls broke the strangling branch, pulling the child free and retreated from the window, and just in time

for a big branch shattered the aperture sending a blinding cloud of motor dust into the room stifling them so that they had to run out into the hall. The big branch tried to get them as they retreated.

The tree outside was acting something terrible especially because it was threatened. The child on the fire truck seat was badly injured not from catapulting in the air onto it but from the blow, of the branch.

She was unknown to Pennod meeting this misfortune and was taken to a hospital.

"This is awful" cried Pennod almost beside himself. My sisters are prisoners in there and I can't

get in. Something will happen to my poor sisters up there alone. We must do something.

"Yes and I told you people not to go near this crazy house untill Good Friday" said Father Bryan mournfully "If any people are the geese, you little virgins take the first grand prize."

"But things would have been all right if I hadn't been near the window" protested Perrod "The branch grabbed me and drew me out. The way it flung me I tore through a snow-bank like a cannon ball."

"But you shouldn't have done it even if you had to punish that boy" put in another (yeast?) priest "Now your sisters are in a fine mess. And the phenomenon frustrates every effort the firemen make to keep you and them. I'll wager

the evil spirits won't hurt that bad boy at all."

A curious crowd was gathering which was very annoying. The police held them back on the other side of the street. Every fireman within the grounds were distressed and scared. The firemen didn't know what to do. The situation was desperate. The firemen now looked at the fire-escape closely.

"I tried to get up that way but the instrument would not let me" said Perrod.

"What did it do?" demanded one of the firemen.

"It threw me off every time I tried to get on. But it aint out of reach of the branches of the Elm tree either. One almost got me there."

"Why did you little

Virians go into the crazy room? demanded the fire department Captain: "On so close to the window?"

"We forgot all about the tree" "How did the banshees work all this?" he next demanded of Father Bryan.

"At a distance" declared the priest "They have tremendous preternatural power and are the most powerful magicians known. I don't know yet how to combat this trouble. We're stumped. The spirits may not be here at all, and yet at a distance frustrate all our efforts. Right for the Virian kids is the most dangerous time. Members of the night fire department crews will have to stay here all night."

"Couldn't you priests go

ahead and excuse to help them?"

"You forgot I said the banshees can work their spells at a distance. Exorcism will do no good in this case"

A fireman at this moment came out by the main entrance.

"The stairs are okay now Captain," he said. "Shall we get a party of men and go up to the other floor?"

The Captain hesitated. He feared the demons were up to some unknown trick to trap some of his men.

"If those steps ever went upside down while you were mounting them you'd all be killed" he said "There's something wrong there and I'm afraid to

take a chance. The only hope is those broken windows. and it seems that infernal tree is the only barrier. Wonder if we have any nitroglycerine in our truck? If we have -

He sent men to look but all they had was dynamite that goes off only by fuse cap. To throw these sticks won't make them explode.

Fortunately for all the weather had not been sunny enough for the demons to form the dreaded fire balls.

Firemen made three desperate attempts to climb the fire escapes but the branches of the tree repulsed them twice, and the fire escape threw them violently to the ground the third time. Night was now approach-

ing and still they were no further than where they started. Nitroglycerine was sent for, with the purpose to blow up the tree if it was possible. The nitroglycerine came within half an hour. With a big globe in his right hand a fireman approached within throwing distance of the tree.

He flung it swiftly. Some unseen power stopped it in midair. Expecting what might happen, every one scattered in a hurry, a jiffy. And none too soon. It was hurled back exploding under the hook and ladder truck doing considerable damage.

Another attempt frustrated.

"A branch of the tree grabbed it" cried a fireman.

I saw it."

In the meantime with little Nell and Stanislaw the little Virvians had finally managed to work themselves to the library where still stood the Paloo.

"I with twoo-ooo-o hoo-ooo-ooo-o-o-o-o-o" came a sudden terrible cry almost like the piercing wail of an owl but a hundred times louder, ending in the same 'dreadful unearthly woeful wail so often heard. The cry came from the library. It was the first time the little Virvians had been so close to so terrible a sound.

It almost deafened them. George screamed, but Nell also only wailed.

They were about to retreat hastily when what happened was

beyond description, the house rocked to its foundation, the library tables turned over on their sides, with an awful bang, smaller furniture leaped here and there like frogs, and following the awful commotion there welled up from the floor, a hedious red cloud unrolling formation lighted by a fierce glare below.

There gradually appeared in the center background behind the cloud three terrible apparitions.

The central one wore a huge crown and had a small string of skulls around his neck. He had long horns like those of a steer and a striped cloth had hanging down each side of his head.

The one to his right was



Apollyon, and to his left Beelzebub with a strange curved crown decorated with stars around the lower part.

Satan stood grinning with hands clasped against his breast. Beelzebub had his hands extended palms down.

Apollyon pointed menacingly towards the nine children, there came a flash of lightning behind the phenomenon, followed by a deafening crash of thunder, and then the apparition gradually dissolved into nothingness.

The little Virgins were not scared though the phantoms excited them, but George and Nell were paralyzed with fright.

With the vanishing of the phantoms all became quiet once more,

though there was a pungent brimstone smell in the air.

"I wonder what Apollyon meant when he pointed at us with the finger of his left hand?" mused Violet as she felt of the sore part of her head.

"If we stay close to our Baloo" advised Jennie "I don't believe anything will happen to us. Anyway we will have to face what comes until Perrod gets us out."

"I'm afraid poor Perrod can't help us very quick" said Angelina ruefully. "The demons won't let him or any one do anything. I'm sure afraid we are going to have trouble. And I don't like the way that fiend pointed at us. And he had such a mean look on his

mean look on his face that I didn't like. Beelzebub didn't even give us a glance. Satan looked arrogant.

"But if we stay around the Paloo the evil spirits can't hurt us" put in Daisy.

"Oh yes they could" declared Angelina "they could work at a distance. They purposely made the tree pull Perrin out to trap us. Now if a fire phenomenon—"

Her sisters looked at her in abject terror. They had never thought of that.

"Quick" cried Violet "lets push the Paloo into the music room. That's the only room that doesn't get fire. Quick quick!"

and they certainly did go to it crashing the door to get in. In it was shoved, they pushing on. For fear of being left alone

George and his sister followed Jennie, who closed the door by a backward kick.

Though they came in, they kept clear of the grand organ and piano, which so far was quiet and stationary.

Nell approached the Edison to play it as she loved music.

"Keep away" cried Violet sternly "Don't go near anything in this room!"

"Why not? Won't Mr. Sese-man like it?" she asked.

"That's not it" answered Jennie. "Everything in this room is possessed. The Edison seems all right but we don't trust it anyway."

Violet went to a window, which from this room also looked out upon the grounds. She saw

the hook and ladder truck in the grounds, many other fire apparatus, and everything else including the firemen, Perrod and the police. Nell came to look too, wondering where her sister went, not knowing what had happened to her. Seeing no sign of her she thought she went home to tell mother what happened to Stanislaw.

As it was getting dark Jennie turned on the lights, one thing the demons didn't interfere with.

Nell was interested in the wonderful instruments of music in the room but she was not allowed to approach any. George was still scared.

Violet seeing Perrod tried to raise the window but the phenomenon

held it tight shut. The windows of the music room was not anywhere near the dangerous tree. If Perrod could only get a ladder to it. But the phenomenon wouldn't let her break the glass, nor her sisters either. She tried to tap loudly on the glass to attract Perrod, but most strangely the phenomenon would not let the glass make the slightest sound either.

She and her sisters were dumfounded. They were brave however, but now their chief worry was of Stanislaw and his little sister. How would the effect be upon them, if they were here 'with them day and night for a week, and lots of crazy phenomena in the



house would occur. Then they suddenly thought of the letter from that concern. Angelina turning to George haughtily said:

"Now Master Stanislaw, I hope you're satisfied?"

"Satisfied for what?" whined the bad boy.

"That we're in here without our brother and the demons won't let us out, or upstairs."

"But-but-I didn't bring you here!"

"No of course not" put in Daisy. "But you wanted that concern to put us here without him. We brought you here to punish you, by only giving you a good scare and now you are trapped with us. What is going to happen we don't know. But you will

share it with us Stanislaw, and so will your poor little sister Nell. If we can't help ourselves without our brother with us, we cannot help you.

The attic would be our safe refuge, or the basement too, but the demons won't let us get there."

"But hereafter I'll really be good and be your friend if you forgive me" he said with evident honesty, yet fearing malice on their part and that they wouldn't keep him.

"Whether you truly mean it or not it is of no use" declared Jennie convincingly. "We heard it said if we were caught in here without our brother we'd be in for it good

and proper. He firmly would never allow, one or all of us to come in here alone, as he was afraid something awful might happen to us, if we did not heed his words. But a branch of that crazy tree pulled him out. "If we can't help ourselves, how can we help you?"

"Can't that prayer you say to right a room to its proper position help us get to the attic?" asked Catherine with a sudden inspiration.

"It would help only me" answered Violet "and I won't do anything that way just to save only myself."

"But you have a right to, you're more important than us."

And to me you're the

same said Violet most firmly. "What I can't do for you I won't do for myself, and that's final. When she spoke that way there was no use in arguing."

However that night passed without any unusual event, except for the customary universal click, the strange lapping of the walking cane, and the sound of the unseen footsteps.

Most of the fire apparatus had moved away during the night but the hook and ladder truck still remained in the grounds.

Many things had been attempted by the night crews, during the night, but all kinds of crazy phenomena had frustrated all their efforts.

Even to the consternation of the night crew, a strange almost unbelievable phenomenon, made the truck run up and down the broad walk of itself, without its engines going, dance on its wheel trucks, rear up high on end, and run that way on its two hind wheels, and made two tall ladders dance with each other at the same time.

The branches of the tree never ceased their terrific thrashing all night long and nobody was unwise enough to get too close to it.

Pernod did everything he could to no avail, and he did not sleep all night from worry and anxiety. With the approach of dawn the situation was the

same. When it was daylight Pernod went into the house, as he had five turns that night, but still the steps remained impassable by an invisible barrier and were not upside down either.

Pernod who knew Indian incantations tried to work them on the barrier, but with no success.

By morning all the priests of the whole city were in the grounds including the Cardinal, who all together tried exorcism, but the demons just then were not in the building and it availed nothing.

Angelina Aronberg and her girl scout companions came also, but were at their wits end.

The only main obstacle was the open window, because of the buttinsky tree.

Rosaries, and litanies were recited constantly. Masses by six dozen priests were celebrated simultaneously in the grounds in the effort to help the little girls, but the demons knew of this before hand and kept further away.

For some unknown reason also, God did not seem to answer.

To prevent them from freezing in the house firemen kept the steam heat furnace going in the basement.

Two days and nights more passed. And yet so far no unusual discords occurred to disturb the little girls or their prisoner and Nell.

Pernod never left the ground, during that time, and had very little sleep, for every day he was that much more worried because nothing could be done.

And during those days everything had been tried, but were frustrated by terrific phenomena.

Fortunately there was plenty to eat in the house, and it was not cold.

Violet and her sisters also did not sleep during the night either and they never allowed the lights in the music room to go out during the hours of darkness.

Yet Violet and her sisters were more worried over their naughty prisoner and little Nell, than Pernod was over them. They did not

hardly believe there was such grave danger for themselves, but felt they were unable to protect the two who were with them. On the fourth day things commenced to happen.

At the time they were at table partaking of breakfast of wheat cakes and molasses, the table crashed suddenly bottom up, their whole breakfast being spilled to the floor and many of the dishes broken. The leg of the chair struck Vells' leg hurting it badly, and all of them more or less bruised.

And the phenomenon wouldn't let them right the table or remove the wreckage it had caused.

"Now what I feared is really beginning" cried Violet "we're going to be

in for it."

"Couldn't reciting your prayer right the table, Violet," asked Angeline.

"I can't dare do it just now, that's just what the demons want," Violet answered.

Just then, to the surprise of all, the pearl necklace she wore around her neck seemed to change into bubbles and gently float away.

"My goodness" she cried, "where did those pearls go?"

"Here they are around my own neck" said Jennie, surprised out of her wits. Then what startled them more was that a statue of a man in uniform, disappeared in a puff of smoke.

"Where in the world,



did that statue go?" cried  
Joce.

"Here I am kids" came  
the answer, and they saw  
a silk hat and walking  
came start to rise up from  
apparently nowhere and  
go out by themselves and  
disappear through a door.

"This place is certainly  
crazy all right" cried Violet.  
"A statue goes up in  
smoke then talks from  
nowhere and my pearl  
necklace floats into the  
air like bubbles and—"

"Good Heavens" interrup-  
ted Angelina, "Smoke  
fumes, sounds of crack-  
ling outside, like fire."

They ran to the win-  
dow of the hall.

"Oh Heavens" screamed  
little Nell. "Our escape  
is cut off. Everything  
is on fire outside."

It was true. It was sweep-  
ing towards the house a  
vast of flame, but without  
smoke. They were trap-  
ped inside the house em-  
circled by a wall of  
towering flame sweeping  
closer and closer across  
the grounds towards them.

"Why must we stand  
here and watch a fiery  
death creep towards us" cried  
Stanislaw in a frighten-  
ed despairing tone. "We've  
got to get out of this awful  
house and make a run  
for it."

"Not a chance. Not a  
chance" they answered.  
"Nothing alive could  
get through that inferno  
and live soot down  
below. The house is  
catching fire. I guess  
the demons have  
fixed our case."

"It's one of those crazy fire phenomena" added Joyce "Pile back into the music room. Our last remaining chance is to get in there."

"It's sure suicide to try to get out" cried Joyce. "If we do just jump out by a window, and run we'll wind up in the middle of the blazing grounds. And it's a big fire phenomena for there, nothing to burn, and even the trees don't burn. We're not going to try to get out now. We got to reach the music room and—"

"and if don't — look out over head the ceiling is collapsing!"

Every body rushed from under just in time. Everything came down with a crash they reaching the room just in time.

Smoke and flame filled the hall. Then miraculously the fallen part of the ceiling replaced itself.

It did seem evident that the phenomenon was going to destroy the building, for flames from one hundred to two hundred feet leaped in the air all around.

"Look the fire is all around the building" cried Violet "I believe Stanislaw is right. The devil I believe has really fixed our wagon this time."

"Wagon? Wagon? Galloping Gloryanna sisters. I believe you've hit the bulls eye" Cried Angeline. Violet gave a start. Angeline rushed off again saying: "What the magic pass word that going to get us out of here, if

possible demons or no demons. Try and get down stairs every body - hurry!"

This time they succeeded in getting down to the first floor section of the building used as a sort of barn without hindrance by any other phenomena.

It was strangely hot inside but there was no smoke.

Angeline was the first to get down.

Pile into that hay wagon. Our last chance, our last remaining chance is to batter our way out of this crazy house before the place is also afire!"

"I'm sure suicide Angeline. As said before we might wind up in the middle of the blazing grounds and -"

"No I don't think so,

Outside this main barn entrance, from here the ground slopes away in a down hill grade towards the main pathway. If the law of gravity still works we might roll beyond the danger zone."

"And if we don't -"

"Don't be a procrastinator please" cried Angeline.

"Go for the wagon quick!"

Trapped within the blazing heated interior they all stumbled through the searing heat and scrambled up into a big rickety hay wagon.

Hurriedly Jennie and Joyce bracing a foot against the wall shoved away violently. But one of them forgot to open the door, and like a battering ram the vehicle burst through



the door as if it was not there, shattering it, just as another phenomena puts on an act, and makes it appear as if the whole interior crashes in.

With onrushing defiance the hay wagon plunged squarely into a solid wall of flames, as the whole building now seethes in fire phenomena flames.

In the meantime outside the grounds from various fire departments 40 hose streams was being poured on the flames that seemed to absorb the water. They couldn't understand why the trees didn't burn, and yet the flames threw enough heat to melt stone or iron a thousand pound in weight.

The fire phenomena

defied all their efforts, and yet gave not the slightest smoke. The flames threw such terrific heat that it drove the curious crowds of people to the other side of the street.

Bennod fearing for the safety of his sisters was dreadfully desperate.

"My sisters will be trapped in that blazing fire phenomena" he cried. "You must let me and my girl scouts through"

"Impossible" declared the fire Chief. "The whole extensive grounds is a sheet of flame. You'd never reach them alive."

"But under ~~con~~ any condition I can't allow my sisters to perish. They must be saved."

"I'm sorry, truly sorry."

but only a miracle can save them" declared the fire chief. "If that was material fire we could put it out. But it's a crazy phenomenon."

A few minutes passed then they heard a strange sound like some heavy wagon running wild.

"Listen" cried Perrod "I think I hear something above the crackling sounds, like—"

The fire chief had turned his head as Perrod spoke, and suddenly cried.

"G—galloping gondolas look out. Get off the sidewalk!"

Even as he spoke there came swiftly towards them a rolling cloud of smoke and a large hay wagon dashing at full speed swept past them.

What was on it they

couldn't see because of the smoke. And it didn't stop until it had reached the next block. Perrod Burns the fire chief and a forward portion of the crowd swarmed up to the burning wagon. A hose crew came up to quench it.

Violet and her sisters had already jumped off followed by Nell, and Stanislaw whose face looked as white as a bedsheet.

"Glory be to God. My sisters and little Nell are saved" yelled Perrod.

In the confusion Stanislaw got away. Nobody could really tell how glad Perrod was to see them safe and not even slightly burned.

As best as they could they told every thing

giving all the credit to Angelina. As they were explaining, the fire phenomena gradually disappeared but there came from the grounds such a demonical discord of cries that the crowd dispersed and fled.

"Come" cried Pennod. "It is best for us to get away from here too. The demon may resent your means of saving yourselves and take revenge on, on us, one way or another."

They left the vicinity of the house as fast as they could. They saw and overtook Stanislaw taking him with them. On his positively promising to be good in the future, they took him and "hell home" and then went home themselves, far

more wiser from their unusual experience.

"Hereafter" said Pennod "We stay away from there until Good Friday and Father Bryan starts his work, and that's all there is to that."

Awaiting the approach  
of Good Friday.  
Good Friday, and what goes  
now.

"Well" said Perrod in the  
school yard four days later,  
"What is next?"

And well might he ask  
it. Since the experiences  
he and his sisters had, there  
had come a great calm, upon  
the city.

Every body so to speak,  
remained within doors ap-  
prehensive that, Mr Reese-  
man's 'spooks' might  
come in on them.

And yet one of the main  
topics for rejoicing among  
the inhabitants was  
the news of the mir-  
aculous escape of Per-  
rod's sisters from the  
Graphin house, and  
over the new hopes of  
successful results  
from Father Bryan, upon

which confidence the whole  
Vivian family appeared to  
have entered. Father Bryan  
must have given the  
little Vurnans high hopes  
on success.

"I believe he will" said  
Father Carney "Sure they're  
worth far more help than  
they have been getting"

"That's all very well" de-  
clared Father Casey "But  
even if they are getting  
any help those gosh  
damn devils knows  
things before hand.

That little Jennie goes  
prammerading around  
like a little Virgin  
Mary, and they're all  
excessively holy enough  
fit to kill any demon.  
But they've been at this  
work ever since Jan-  
uary, and with all  
the help they've been

receiving they have been  
outwitted themselves and for  
two days or more trapped alone  
in the place, and since  
then they've never gone  
near the place at all, have  
not even done anything.

"My little daughter Rosa  
mond" said Dr Kelly, "saw  
Angeline coming up the steps  
from Madison street this  
morning. She was carrying  
some strange looking pack-  
ages and a small basket  
filled with Holy water  
bottles. They're up to some  
thing Father Casey."

Dr Kelly was right.  
Whether it arose from ut-  
most secrecy or from  
self respect, let the read-  
er decide, - the Vroman  
family did not wish  
that all the neighbors  
should know their plans  
for the coming of Good

Friday thirteen days off.  
So they had arranged with  
a Catholic Church way up  
to give them the most  
promising sacramental  
to help Father Bryan  
on Good Friday.

For a time now until  
that day they seemed to  
have given up Sesserman  
Crazy house. Even so,  
out of their own allow-  
ance from Albreanna  
they saw to the prompt  
redemption of Flamm-  
gam property. Then  
there were other duties  
outstanding all long  
overdue.

Right after night Em-  
peror Vroman and Evens  
discussed ways and  
means. They were  
laying plans to  
fight to a finish  
and conquer the troubles.



in Sese-mann's house  
 After long study and  
 some intrigue figuring  
 they believed they saw  
 their way clear, in two  
 weeks time they reasoned  
 they would be able with  
 able annian priests and  
 much Holy water and  
 irresistible sacramental  
 to defy all the demons  
 in existence, and possibly  
 his little daughter might  
 once more have the  
 chance to go back to their  
 country.

"It's clean sailing sure"  
 said Evans the third even-  
 ing. Provided that neither  
 of the little girls takes  
 a cold.

On the following day  
 at two in the afternoon  
 a Dayi arrived at the  
 Madison street house in  
 which dwelt the Viriams

and two men appeared  
 to see them. The worst  
 had happened. A number  
 of priests had come to  
 try to exorcise the Elm  
 tree, so those fighting the  
 condition of Mr. Sese-  
 mann could get to the  
 building safely, and met  
 with terrible results. All  
 were in the hospitals  
 more or less seriously  
 injured.

And to double it, Ange-  
 line, calm outwardly  
 took her bed, and kept  
 it. Threat of the heat  
 fever of French Guiana  
 again caused by all  
 the excitement she  
 had gone through.

She made no com-  
 plaint, she uttered  
 no sigh, or groan, she  
 did not even ask for  
 a doctor. The little

girls excepting Pennod were in no wise discouraged. It is true they were quieter when at home for Angelene suffering from high fever was quite nervous.

Now in her room would they permit themselves to stay long. Yet the little Virians took their turn as nurses. Jennie who always was literary had announced on several occasions that it was the one ambition of her life to write a book about Seesman's Crazy house during the hours spent in the room with her sister.

"If you were to write a book" Violet told her "about Seesman's Crazy house I'm afraid I would be no good in this country and publishers

would not accept it. I'd say lots of people love to read some mushy love story, with a vamp and a lazy lounge lizard, the kind that catches the interest of the people in the mushy moving picture shows."

"Violet (pear) dear" said Jennie "love is a beautiful thing"

"Oh yes" I know. It makes the world go round. But the mushy love seen in the movies is not the real thing which I mean. Many fall in love to day and seek divorce to morrow. And also this, when I want to marry some one for 'love' I find out he aint got no money."

"yes" put in Perrod who had entered in time to catch the theme of the conversation "and its that kind of love that makes a lot of those kind of fool girls heads go round. They aint got our kind of love which is true and sacred. Most people only marry the Golden Calf."

"Now Perrod" laughed Jennie "I'm afraid you dont come in on this act. Little boys know nothing of the most sacred and exalted feelings which raises one out of the - ch - the common rut and cause them to -" Jennie paused unable to round off her ambitious sentence.

"Jennie means dawled

Violet that some sort of boy like Stanislaw cannot appreciate our kind of love when we showed it."

"You're right" said Jennie. "and we're going to punish him some more yet."

It is a regrettable fact that with the little virgins away, the dreaded Seserman house was some what neglected, and because of that one of the demons consciously, the rest unconsciously, took advantage of what to them, was a new freedom and re-entered, and the state of that house is now worse than before.

and in spite of the peril many children

from both schools, when they had time, went as near the place as they dared hoping to see some phenomena but were disappointed.

As for Jennie, knowing what she did, she ran here and there and every where and somehow or other contrived to attend more Church services in the course of a week than any one could expect.

Nothing would please the little fairy which more than anything was topics about the love of love of God and if the sermon was about the twelve sacred promises Jennie was delighted by and measure. Sometimes she and

her sisters attended movies but if they were saturated with mushy love pictures, and if the scene on screen play threw in cabaret scenes and balls and banquet and high life the movies were shunned.

Their very instinct told them, when moving pictures were decent and when they were immoral.

In the meantime everything prospered with Permod. He and George met daily. Jack Evans had again suddenly left the city for an unknown purpose, but before leaving had taught James Andrews a new mysterious lesson and trained the boy in

the matter of keeping a strict secret observation of Mr. Sese mams crazy. In addition to this, in those three morning at the Fenwick club, he had instructed George to do cautious secret watching in such a way, that if spotted by 'banshees' as to save almost half a second by eliminating unnecessary steps and motions in making clever crafty retreats.

Perrod and George were of the opinion that they would be the best battery of their age and size against the demons in the city of Chicago, an opinion justified by several attempts in which they worked together.

As the days (worked) work were on the condition of Mr. Sese mams house



remained unchanged. Many persons still scoffed insinuating that there was really nothing the matter. The detectives, police, priests, the Indians and others were full of hoey, that because of the unusually hard winter that going on the interior of the house 'being cold' was affected and acted up like phenomena.

Angelina's own condition improved beyond expectation. She needed no doctor, she took no medicine.

As to the 'crazy' house, Garner and George kept their eyes on the house and they noticed that within the grounds, all was growing quieter but despite all signs of desert the house

was beginning to look very foreboding. On the fourth day after their imprisonment in the 'crazy' house their mother herself received by mail the following note.

"My dear Empress Varran,  
Through our mutual friendship Jack Ambrose Evans, I have learned some unusual things about yourself, and your lovely children. My friends think that the present work your children are performing at that Sherman house, is too dangerous for them and that also the results are not what they ought to be.

I've been looking around and I have two or three plans to suggest any one of which is better than what you may have in mind.

If you or one of your little girls with their brother, or all of you could call at the Hotel Sherman this evening

at seven o'clock. I know you and your little daughters, are very busy during the day. I should be pleased to go over the matter with them. Keep up your courage. You will if you always remember that you are angel possessed.

Yours truly,  
Robert Fairwell.

At the moment Empress Varran received this letter (Jennie, Jennie, Grace and James and Perrod were with her. Catherine and Hattie were at church with Father, the others had gone out to visit Sally Fielders at St Joseph Hospital.

"I've" commented Grace "now ma we can do something that's more dignified. You

"You know I've been ashamed to tell my friends that we still couldn't make any headway at the Grappin house, or what we are doing. I used to say we were only experimenting which also we were."

Her mother almost laughed.

"Well it is true. The way to do anything to Mr. Seserman's house is to clean it, and put everything in 'nice order'."

"But" said her mother "there's no one else helping you have made any success in the work you are doing no more than you have! The whole city looks on such work as much too dangerous and foolhardy and degrading. But we do not go by the

standards of the world.

All the days you have labored and fought the strange conditions of the Seserman house, sanctifying strength was given every one of you, because you was working for God's own cause, and also because though you didn't have to, you was working for poor Mr. Seserman, also and doing work

that the Mother of God would have done also -

But as regards this letter, what are we to do. No doubt Angelone will be all right again in a few days - I hardly aint got time to write -

"Mother" said Jennie, "I've got an idea. Suppose I go over and see Mr. Farwell. I'll tell him how much obliged you

are for his kindness, and that Angelina is a little under the weather. but that in two or three days she will come and see him herself."

Empress Vivian considered,

"I'll come softly home mother. no body could harm me, not with what I carry"

"and you'll be careful dear to watch out for traffic and keep to yourself?"

"I'll give you my word mother, promised Jennie that I won't notice no stranger - at least no-body outside of selecture Burns and his followers"

Jennie left the house with the face and gait of the daring little angel she was.

Mr Fairwell was an

excellent reader of character. He was delighted beyond measure with the sweet simple little girl. Her manners were as excellent as those of an angel, and little angel she was beyond measure.

Jennie was unusually graceful to the colonel and grateful for his kindness. She said so and she said it well.

She smiled and reacting to the kind gentleman's sympathy she smiled angelically. The princess was really beautiful beyond all measure and on this occasion looked her best.

When the colonel took her hand and bade her a kindly farewell

she gazed into his face with eyes shining with the light of love.

"I'll be expecting her in a few days, Jennie, tell them all not to worry. By the way I'll go out with you. I've an idea."

As they slipped out of the lobby onto the Clark street sidewalk Jennie with a real simplicity too genuine for words, yet which had her best friends seen her would have evoked mild surprise slipped her hand confidently into the colonel's.

He was touched.

"Here we go" he said, turning into a big candy shop which was on the premises of the hotel building.

"Give me a seven pound box of your best choc-

olates and a pint of ice cream. The ice cream Jennie is for Angelina good for reducing, I tell you, cold fever. Sick people" he explained "like ice cream. I like it sick or well myself. Say there make it three pints. That" he added to Jennie will be enough to treat the family."

The colonel's orders were filled with a dispatch which would have excited the envy of any Chicago concern.

Everybody in the shop knew the colonel. He was the landlord.

"You may charge it" said the colonel airy, "to the Chief of Police, and send the bill to His Honor the Mayor."



They walked out leaving the employees in a grin.

"Come more place, and I'll let you shift for yourself. Here we are."

They turned into an oyster house.

"One pint of your best oysters" he called out before they were well within the door. "Oh that's a fact; your sister got heat fever. Oysters are very bad for Tella-corna, Angelina shouldn't get that fever in winter. Jennie I'm afraid we're in the wrong shop."

"What's your trouble colonel?" asked the proprietor of the place, an old man with a face on which keenness and gentility were nicely blended.

"Whenever any one is sick" said the youthful old colonel "I just naturally think of oysters and ice cream. But oysters are not good for patients with dangerous blood tropical fever. I must be getting old."

"Indeed you are not" protested Angelina vehemently.

It was an unstudied but effective compliment. "If you'll allow me to suggest something" said the proprietor smiling. "I happen to have on hand as fine a piece of beef steak as you can buy, or now or steal in this city. I got it for a special friend of mine - a most special beef steak for him this morning."

but he was called away at midnight. If it is for a sick person"—

"It is a little girl said the colonel.

Then some good angel must have sent you in "might be the little flower" suggested Gemmie.

"Here all go down please and get that piece of steak" called the pleasant old man to a waiter "and be quick about it"

Then there arose a friendly scrap between the two men, the colonel insisting on paying, the other refusing to receive a cent.

By the time the colonel had won out the waiter returned.

"Now mind you Gemmie" said the white haired youth of sixty with

an insight which was uncanny "your little sister is to eat this steak every bit of it. Tell her those are my orders."

"Yes sir" assented the puzzled little boy girl. Somehow the

colonel had figured out, as Gemmie received the package that little Angelone if left to her own invocation,

would portion out the steak among her sisters and feast herself up on their happiness, which is precisely what would have happened.

"Who'll cook it?" went on the practical gentleman.

"I could sir" smiled Gemmie "but Pernod is as good in the

in the kitchen as any hotel chef. He'll be home when I get there and he'll prepare it at once."

"Good by then" said the colonel, as they arrived at the corner of Clark and Adams. The kind man, might have accompanied the lovely little creature all the way home, but for some reason unknown to his most intimate friends, Colonel Fairwell never went farther unless under strain of dire necessity in that direction.

Jennie had she followed her impulse would have thrown herself into his arms.

But apart from the fact that they were in the heart of a thronged section of

the city, she was handicapped by three packages. She therefore contented herself with the same graceful curtsy that Angelina obliges Father's Casey, or Larney, with, a winning smile, and a look of love.

"Upon my word" mused the colonel as he retraced his steps. "If I'm a judge of human nature that little girl is more sweet, more kind, more simple and more loving than any little girl of her age in this city."

He was wholly right. He was an excellent judge of human nature. He saw the child as she always was, she was always as he had appraised her. Jennie

with the full light of (afflict) affection and gratitude shining in her eyes. moved briskly on, she was thinking of the little flower and the Colonel.

Of course it was the little flower who had set aside the beef steak for Angeline.

There could be no doubt of it, it was Thursday the day the whole Viriam family always chose to honor the Child Saint.

Thus thinking Jennie tripped along light-footed, airy, with a step so shy, rhythmical and gay that it was almost a dance movement.

"What a fairy like child" observed a woman to her companion "graceful as beautiful swan." commented the other. Jennie heard the words

and saw the admiring faces of the two women. She felt a glow of embarrassment, offense pervading her whole person. She didn't like to be praised because she was so good looking.

She flushed angrily yet prettily. But using all her will-power she forced her mind back to the thought of that sweet little child of modern times, the little flower.

It was a hard struggle. Her heart burned as she thought of the little flower. She wondered why people admire beauty on little girls and women, but think little less of God.

"Say Bill. Look isn't that little girl a beaut"

a young man, the scum  
 sort one finds infesting  
 corners where pedestrians  
 are thickest the sort for the  
 reason of whose existence  
 and all merciful and wise  
 God can alone account, made  
 this remark to one of his  
 kind.

"She's a little peachero  
 all right" remarked Bill  
 in a voice intended to  
 reach Jennie's ears. If

Set it be said to the credit  
 of the child, that she neither  
 turned towards them, nor  
 in any way gave evi-  
 dence that she heard. But  
 her person was stirred  
 by a mighty glow of real  
 embarrassment. She was  
 beautiful, she knew it.  
 But why couldn't they  
 mind their own bus-  
 iness. Oh these annoy-  
 ing packages. Were

her hands free she would  
 snowball them all the way  
 down the street. Her gait  
 changed to a mincing  
 walk. In a word poor Jen-  
 nie was offended at the  
 praising flattering re-  
 marks.

She didn't like people  
 who liked you for beauty  
 alone, and she was in the  
 right. When Jennie en-  
 tered Pernod and Jore  
 hastily putting aside  
 some papers over which  
 for half an hour they  
 had been pouring and  
 hastened to greet her  
 with an effusion which  
 was suspicious.

The producing of the  
 ice cream and the box  
 of candies aroused hil-  
 arity. The steak for  
 Angelina only raised  
 that hilarity to the



point of ecstasy quickly did the meat handed Pennod complete the task assigned him. He had not forgotten his cooking though it had been many a week since he had done any, as Evans or Mrs Jerry had been 'as cooks

"Jennie" drawled Pennod, "serve the ice cream please. We'll all eat together."

Angelina ate the steak, every bit of it.

Pennod stood by and remained obdurate when the good little girl would have made the greater part of it over to her sisters who to do them justice were so regaled by the ice cream, and a liberal allowance of chocolates that they bore the loss with jubilation.

The young cook show-

ed himself the equal in any kind of cooking but he ate little ice cream - only one heaping dish.

He did not eat chocolates as he don't like them.

He saved a second dish. "I think" he observed, that little Jenny Sears whom I visited just a while ago would like this."

"Why not run over and give it to her?" asked Jennie.

"I've just been there Jennie dear. You have not paid her a visit yet."

"That's right" added Angelina, showing unaccountable eagerness "you ought to go and see her."

"Yes that's right. You are a friend of the

family" put in Violet.  
 "Very well" said Jennie.  
 "I'll go but I'll try to re-  
 turn in an hour and a  
 half at the latest"

It was now noon time.  
 "Don't be in a hurry Jennie"  
 said Catherine  
 "You ought to take your  
 sewing along" added Pern-  
 nod kindly.

When the fair little  
 maiden departed Pernod,  
 and Violet exchanged  
 meaning glances.

"If you please Angelina"  
 said Violet - Pernod and  
 I will go into the back  
 room. We are working  
 at something we'll be  
 on hand any time you  
 want us."

Jennie did not return  
 until two o'clock in  
 the afternoon nearly  
 half an hour late,

much to the comfort of  
 her brother and sister.  
 When she entered, Ange-  
 line was sleeping peace-  
 fully. The mother and  
 father were out.

Catherine were orna-  
 menting St Patrick's  
 Church with their presence.  
 While Pernod and his  
 fellow conspirator were  
 awaiting her in good  
 humor.

"We're glad" Violet ob-  
 served "that you had a  
 good long visit".  
 "Even if you did make  
 everybody think you  
 were a little (ag) angel"  
 said Pernod "say Jen-  
 nie if you don't mind  
 Violet and I will  
 take a walk on Clark  
 street."

"Don't stay too long"  
 answered Jennie, "It's

near supper time."

"Gosh" said Perrod as they hurried down the stairs "but won't we take a happy rise out of her to night?"

That evening the supper over the dishes done Joyce sitting beside her sister Angeline exclaimed:

"Why Angeline you look ever so much better"

"I feel decidedly better dear. I'm sure I'm beginning to get well"

This announcement was received with considerable interest all were equally as loud in their expressions. Violet and Perrod proceeded to whisper together.

"There are no secrets among us in this house" said Jennie suspiciously but smiling.

"That's right Jennie"

Perrod made meek answer. "Say Angeline Violet and I have arranged a little act. Wouldn't you like us to give it?"

"If you two made it up" observed Jennie "it ought to be good."

"I believe Jennie is right" said Violet with a judicial air. "But we did not make it up - only part of it. Most of it is the work of some other people. Angeline, shall we?"

Certainly dears. I'm sure we shall be interested indeed"

And they certainly were. The two young thespians retired to make up. In ten minutes they were ready. Daisy was called in and returning shortly clapped her hands

"Ladies" she said "the play to be staged, is entitled a regular story out of the Bible". Inside the room, (if not into) stepped Violet, her hair was done up most beautifully.

If the appearance of her clothes did not complete the illusion that she was a heavenly creature the appearance of her head removed all possible doubt.

As with mincing steps she slowly advanced, one hand held a stick with a large silver star attached to the point, the other was employed in waving a crown of roses.

Suddenly there appeared coming upon her from the side Perrod.

He carried something in the form of a Bishop's staff, a flower in his coat. On seeing Jennie

he stopped, stared & stared, "not" and rubbed his eyes. "What a most lovely creature indeed" he cried.

"Lovely creature?" cried Violet awfully "you mean that child standing there?"

"Yes" "Then there is no one else in this vast crowded world he can possibly refer. Do you mean that little girl sir?"

"I represent St Peter in disguise form. On seeing her, our Dear Blessed Lord is carried away by a love so deep that it must find some outlet. For Him I must speak."

"Oh my goodness" murmured Violet. "I'll be glad to listen. I'm the little flower - oh" in an aside - isn't she

just too sweet for words?" "Her eyes" continued Permod, pencilled above only by God in a way that all women and girls might envy, crowned with lashes than that no artist can depict, are windows of great holiness, looking into the fairylands of Heaven, eyes most beautiful and pure in the sight of God, eyes that once seen would make all the Saints mad with love.

But her holiness, her modest grace, excels all her beauty.

"How could that be?" simpered the little Flower.

"Her ears" continued Permod, clapping his hands and raising his eyes upwards are pink shells of the Celestial Region always listening to the

praise of God, and giving Him love as great as her overwhelming beauty.

"That sure is true" said Violet seriously. "I can hear all right. I'm listening."

"And her Character, her lovely character is far more beautiful than her lovely face, her heart is the home of God's lovely garden of Heavenly roses and lilies, its the fairest purest heart that God ever looked upon."

"How well he describes the good little girl" said Violet with a smile and a facial expression which gave her an air of Heavenly joy.

"Fair Sir pray continue. Do you really mean it?"



"Everything she does is perfect, her mouth is perfect and pure. Lips red as the heart of God, ruby teeth, pearls of priceless value, words come from her mouth that is exceedingly pleasing in the eyes of God, a smile so bewitching that to win it, the world were well lost."

"How well he describes Princess Gemme" simpered Violet. "He must be a real wonderful observer to get in all these details in a single glance. How little he has overlooked. Go on dear sir, you really interest me strangely."

"Fairiest of the little maidens of God, the lights of Heaven become mean when compared with your dazzling beauty and holiness."

The silvery moon confronted with your shining orbs pale into insignificance. Oh loveliest of little damozels, God asks you to be His."

Gemme unobserved by the others, had gone tearful, bitten her lips and shown throughout the performance unusual pleasurable agitation! agitation.

Now she arose, and stepping between the two said with emotion -

"You good, good brother and sister, holier than I am. What do you mean by saying all that about me. You are just as good as I ever am. You just want to see how happy I could be."

"There are no secrets in this house" mumbled

Perrod somewhat surprised by Jennie's emotion. "You'll get this coming back to you" said Jennie. "Mother" exclaimed Violet, as their mother came in. Perrod did not make up his part. He just learned parts of those sentences from a religious book by heart. I made up my own part by myself. There were four verses written by some holy priests.

The strange thing about it is that the saints name is not signed."

"Mother" cried Jennie "am I to have all praise to myself. Aint they just as good angels as I am. Perrod and Violet put on a play and have been positively making me

as a special child of God. It's true I'm sure but are not they too?"

"But Jennie, my dear child, how do you know what they are, and what you are?"

Jennie filled with love and admiration yet hung her head shyly, but made no answer.

and then, too" went on the mother "can it be that you're shy over a little thing like this?"

"No mother" protested Jennie promptly "I'm not shy" (full of pie)

"Oh" exclaimed Violet, "I think I understand" she drawled. "I see it all now. Jennie wants all the good things to come to us, not to herself"

"I have of happiness

came to Jennie's eyes.

"She certainly does love God more than anything. All right" continued Violet, her eyes fixed on the floor, and her brow wrinkled in thought "and now I understand Jennie's idea in becoming our guardian angel. She wants to spend her spare time in making everything good for us. Isn't she a darling angel?"

Poor Jennie got too happy to bear any more. "You loving good brother and sister" she began "I'll never, never forget this as long as I live. I'll never forget this ever - oh." She wailed "I feel as if I am in Heaven." All were startled. The boy and girl were actually

frightened. The astonishing thing of it all was Jennie's declaration that she felt as if she was in Heaven. When a little girl like her feels that way something awfully good has fallen upon her.

Before any one could rise to this most unusual situation Jennie uttered a happy wail and rushed from the room.

"Poor Child" exclaimed Joice running from beside Angelina's bed and following after her. Penrod and Violet could not hide their surprise.

"Say mother" said Penrod "I thought this thing was going to be good. But it turned out better than I expected. I feel

as if I had done that to God Himself. She puts me in mind of Christ as a child."

"The trouble is" said Violet that we've always been unusually good to her. She can get happy enough to cry over a little thing. How surprising of us not to have seen through those verses of that saint. They were written by the same hand the wording were the same. Permod and I learned them by heart, and all along I couldn't for the life of me see how any man even if he is a saint could get such a revelation from Heaven. Oh wasn't it beautiful and it touched her more than I ever expected. "Of course" continued Violet pursuing her analysis. If

the verses had really come from that saint it would not have come so strong on Jennie. I don't know much about that sort of thing at all, but I fancy that there isn't a little girl at all in the whole world who would be made that happy on account of having seen a simple play made about her. I think they would not like it. And then of course we at first really thought those verses had come from St Anthony and we examined them while Angelina is lying here sick mother. And now we've made Jennie more happy than we expected. We have increased her good feeling very much." "Yes" said Permod.

delightedly. "We're sure  
put it in very strong  
we've made a fairy sprite  
out of her".

"I'm very glad though from  
the bottom of my heart"  
declared Violet.

"Me too" added Vi. Pen-  
rod "Say mother it was  
all my fault when Gem-  
mie went off this morn-  
ing, she must have  
forgotten to put that book  
of the lives of the saints  
away. It was lying on  
her desk and when my  
eyes fell upon the book  
and saw the verses I  
could not help read-  
ing on, and any how  
mother I planned it".

"He sure did but I'm  
just as guilty as Penrod"  
declared Violet "I made  
up all my part better  
than the verses."

"But I started it" argued  
Penrod mother I feel  
that I did something good  
to Gemmie that I never  
did before. Every body  
will say I and Penrod  
deserve a (return) return,  
if they hear of this keep  
it a secret mother will  
you?"

"Yes" do and for me too"  
implored Violet. "We not  
only made Gemmie so  
happy, but I can see  
that in making her  
happy we have done  
the same to you. Go on  
tell us what to do dear  
mother".

"My children" said  
their mother "I know  
you did a very unus-  
ually good deed, but  
I know that her good  
possession angels are  
going to do everything



in their power to return this to you."

"They sure are - aren't they Violet? If I thought it would help and somebody would spoil her happiness now, I should be glad to make her walk over that party and kick him at every step. But you are not advising in another."

"She never will Pennod" admonished Violet "If you won't give her a chance to say a word. (Go) Go on mother."

"I'm positively sure children that you really have done the best thing in the world to Jennie. But also I'm afraid from what you did to Jennie you really have angered the demon in Mr. Sese-

man's house dreadfully. They have wicked pride. You have wounded their pride. They hate Jennie worse than all the rest of you. You have made Jennie go through the best hour of her life. But I'm afraid that is making the evil spirits go through the bitterest hour of their time. Look out for them."

"Gosh." Pennod almost whimpered. "I wish some one would kick the snakes in the grass who brought the devil in Sese man's house and don't keep their promise to us, and kick them hard, yes and do it hard, 'go on mother'."

"Perhaps continued the Empress 'this may

bring you both to see something that all your friends have always tried to point out to you, many and many a time, all of show more respect for your sister than you ever did before, or to yourselves, and the demons defy you for it."

"That's so" answered the boy "But I also defy them. Jennie is older and she has much more sense than us."

"Yes but she is the best of us" declared Violet "and she is not slack in her holiness either. and she is older except for me on mother".

"You all have touched upon a real difficulty my children. It would be nonsense for me

to say that Jennie is more sensitive than she was two years ago. And she certainly does and says things which you are almost bound to believe comes from the very mouth of an angel instead of a little girl.

There's your difficulty with your battle against the demons in Sese-mans house and those who take her seriously confirm her in her holy ways and notions. Yet sometimes I have believed you my children were sort of rash in your efforts in Mr Sese-mans house. If you go too much at it, there's the real danger of going too far, and they might

frustrate you at ever  
turn. It is my hope that  
his crazy house is pass-  
ing through a sort of  
transition. How it will  
turn out there God only  
knows. It is at a most  
dangerous period. You can-  
not encourage any one  
nowadays to go near  
the place. And yet there  
is one great danger, one  
terrible danger if you  
go too far in the dealing  
with the place."

"What is that mother?"  
asked Violet.

"It is just in a line  
with what has so fre-  
quently happened which  
you know. Of what you  
have done to Jennie  
will increase her love  
for you. So is her  
strong and weak point  
Jennie is made to love

much. She has enough  
love in her dear little  
heart however holy and  
pure it is to make her o-  
bedient breaking sight.  
And the evil spirits -"

Here the fond mother  
broke down. The tears fell  
from her eyes and  
in making the last  
declaration she sank  
in a chair.

"Aw dont cry mother"  
he blubbered Pennod.  
"We do love her more  
than ever and am glad  
we made her happy  
in spite of the evil  
spirits" protested Vio-  
let between sobs. Come  
on Pennod, we'll go in  
and join in with her  
joy, and to morrow  
morning I'll go see  
Father Carney and see  
what to plan for

for Good Friday." "So will I" said Perrod mastering his emotions. "Come on Violet, we will go in and join with her." Whereupon the two little saints went off to join her.

They found Jennie lying face down on a couch. Besides her George was seated stroking the girls hair and telling her that Violet and Perrod were very very good for doing what they did. At the sound of their footsteps Jennie lifted her head revealing a tear stained but unusually happy face. At the sight of Perrod and Violet her face became full of love. She arose and was about to say something nice very pleasant when Violet forestalled her.

"Jennie, Jennie" she cried "I feel 'feel more happy about it myself than you are. For I do love you Jennie and I've made you happier than I thought I would. I've been awfully good to you, for I love you." The adoration look on Jennie's face increased and wonder added.

"And that's the way myself" said Perrod "there are those verses. Take em Jennie and do what you please with them. They'll do you good to learn them."

The wonder on Jennie's face remained, but her expression of love became softer. Another inspiration then burst upon Perrod.

He darted down upon Jennie, threw his arms around Jennie's neck

kissed her then blushing hotly stood aside. Violet taking his cue did like wise. Then Jennie smiling and nazy stood up and caught the two in her arms.

"Oh" she exclaimed "I'm so glad you love me you are just the dearest -" Jennie completed this sentence with a kiss (not kiss) for Violet and a hug for Perrod who in view of the occasion before the 'infliction' like a hero.

There is a power in over-joyment which taken in one way may increase one's spirit, sweeten still more sweetened by love. For several minutes the three babbled away away as though there were no such thing as misery and heart-burning and sin in the

world. Gorge having seen enough to show her delight in changed conditions had gone over to the window which looked down on the glittering lights of the city below.

"Look at Gorge" whispered Violet "there's something wrong with her"

Jennie arose and lightly tripped over to her sister.

"Gorge" she said wistfully "you've been crying. You know you have. It's all my fault. You sat with me for I don't know how long and you petted me enjoyed my happiness. and you said such nice things."

But I was too happy and excited and so,



overcome that I didn't notice you. But I was listening and I heard you and I was loving you all the time. Gorge, Gorge you is the best little girl in the world."

And Gemmie threw her arms about her sister.

For a few moments Gorge's lovely face twitched with emotion which was too hard to control.

"It isn't that Gemmie. It's something else I'll drop down with Pernod and Violet. I must tell you."

The three seated together on the sofa looked at Gorge with blanched faces. They never seen Gorge sad and almost broken before.

Pernod and Violet keep this from Angelina. She is ill. Mr. Roseman's house is beyond

control. We have lost any chance in that position. If Father Bryan can't do anything for us we will have to abandon it to its fate."

"It can't be" gasped Violet.

"What?" quavered Gemmie.

"It's too dangerous to approach. Father Casey and Carney have warned me to tell you all to stay away. We're laid off until business improves."

"And that means?" asked Pernod.

"It means that we are temporarily temporarily defeated."

"But what about all the other priests?"

"Their efforts have been wiped out too. With our meager effort which the spirits had frustrated at every turn

to the last of last week.  
We have just seen our finish  
in that line including our  
hopes of an early return  
home, with defeat, total de-  
feat staring us in the face  
in the bargain."

The three child gazed  
at each other helplessly.

Why didn't we know this  
was going to happen before?  
"Angelina and I knew  
but we hoped to make out  
now we are no longer  
demon fighters and Angelina  
(may) may not be able  
to do anything for some-  
time."

"I feel" observed Violet  
like a China baby. It's  
not so bad. We drove  
them out of the house  
in California."

"But it took a year"  
said Violet, again.  
"In spite of them-

selves her listeners be-  
gan to smile.

"I'll tell you what" went  
on the pro-precocious  
child "here's an idea. Let's  
start an Novena to the Little  
Flower."

"Good" cried Pennod while  
the others nodded their  
heads "and let's make  
it snappy. That is I mean  
let's begin at once."

"That would be lovely"  
said Violet. "Do you think  
(Lhed) the beads would  
be enough Pennod?"

"Sure and throw in the  
sit army too. We have no  
time to lose, the situat-  
ion of the Mr. Beseman  
house is badly messed  
up and it's got to be-  
to be."

"I'm out suggested  
Violet.

"That it, it's got to

be ironed out mighty quick. and the sooner we get the little flower on the (joy) job the better."

after further consideration of way and means the quartet smiling, gay, arm in arm filed in and ranged themselves about Angelina.

"Well Angelina" said Joyce "were all ourselves again."

"It is literally true" added Violet.

"And Angelina" said Bernad, "were going to start a novena right now for your recovery and for some thing else. As to the little flower. Will you join us?"

"How nice. Of course. How about Maryone and her sister?"

These two cherubs having early lost interest

in the play had slipped out into the passage-way where they had been amusing themselves with a number of games, some being of their own invention.

On being called in and asked to take part they showed themselves complimented and with alacrity sank upon their knees answering the prayers in tones that were within a little of bringing about a disturbance of the peace.

Next morning about nine Father Carney called. He had heard he explained that little Angelina was ill as she had failed to come to school.

Father Carney in his way was quite as

sharp as the colonel. How neat the rooms were, how clean. He did not know that in an excess of zeal Jennie had given hours to scrubbing and cleaning aided therein by Violet and Joe and how clean and fresh the little Virrains looked.

How well they were always dressed. But he knew the little Virrains were richer than any rich person, and their charity beyond record.

He had come to ask for a donation for the school. No he would ask them nothing. They gave without being asked.

He was ushered in by Mary Ann. "Oh Father Carney" said Mary Ann "last

night we started to make a novena to the little Flower. I'm making it best of all. I say the prayers loudest"

"You don't either" contradicted little Margaret. "I beat you"

Father Carney interrupted the brisk argument that ensued by informing the two innocents that in the matter of prayer earnestness counted more than shouting, thereby saving no doubt the other inhabitants of that house from the impending disturbance.

"I suppose" he added that its for Angelina's recovery.

"Yes" said Margaret, "but the other reason is a secret."

"Jennie" said the priest looking kindly on the child who flushing with delight caught his proffered hand with delight "When ever I see you I always think of the Mother of God when she was a little girl"

"Oh Father" exclaimed Jennie charmed with a new beauty, "you cant mean it, I'm not like her at all, I'm sure"

"I'm one important respect you are - exactly like her"

"What is that Father?"

"To the power of loving, its a most wonderful power and if it be worked right it means sanctity. But I'm deathly afraid of it sometimes. If love gets into the wrong channels it means destruction. I know you are always like her, indeed

though you doubt it. May you gain her intercession in your work against the powers of darkness in Mr. Sersmanns house"

"I will pray hard for success Father." At my utmost

"I say drawled Violet" the little flower has started to work already"

"How so?" asked the smiling priest.

"He sent you to visit Angelina and your blessing will surely help you to get well."

"I hope so" said the priest.

As he left the house with Jennie clinging to his hand an impulse seized him.

"Here Jennie he said drawing out a ten dollar gold piece" do you remember when



winning a prize in a foot race a week before Christmas"

"Yes Father"

"And I overlooked giving you the prize"

"No Father, you surely did not, you gave me a gold scapular medal."

"That was a big mistake" said the subtle Jesuit "It was no sort of prize for such a performance. The fact of the matter is I was dead broke at the time. Take this and get some good things for your sister Angelina."

"Oh thank you Father" said Jennie gushing with joy and love. "But it is I who should be giving to you."

She looked at the gold piece, piece and then turned around.

"What's the matter

Jennie?"

"I thought" she answered "that the little flower was behind me."

"Who knows?"

The laugh of Father Carney rang out clearly as he hastened down the steps.

Presently he sobered. "I suppose" he meditated "I've made a fool of myself again just because those children are good and lovely, holy as angels. I hand out a gold piece. I'm old enough to have more sense. I came to ask them for an alms, and I give them a gold piece. Instead I'm no fool like an old fool."

At the same moment Colonel Roberts was signing his name to the following note -

"My dear little Miss

Angelina,

I thought yesterday that I was presenting you with a choice bit of steak but the idiot whom I forced to take the payment for it, returned the (money) money by the first mail this morning.

As I do not want to sail under false colors I'm sending your sister and I hope a better piece when you are well call on me and I think I can fix you up."

Respect fully Bob"

"I hope" mused the Colonel as he sealed the envelope that Father Carney does not get a view of this. He will think I'm a sentimental old idiot. Maybe he is right. And like as not even if they don't need it there's no harm done.

and if it's a blunder it's a blunder on the side of the angels."

Thus did the two amiable old gentlemen reproach themselves for their foolish sentimentality. They did not suspect that behind their supposed blunders were unseen powers.

The wonderful novena which began on Thursday did seem to start invisible forces into action. On Friday as we have seen came Father Carney with his blessing and cheer also a gold piece which he gave against his wishes or better judgment to Jennie. "Also Colonel Robert Bridwell sent beef steak enough to give the whole family a square meal.

The Virriams held the meat for Saturday while eating their fish dinner the phone rang. Gemmie answered it and recieved word that there was a great crowd of unwary curious near Mr Seserman house waiting to see a phenomenon.

Now there arose a very serious difficulty. The Colonel who never had gone near that radical house himself did not-not some how think of the Virriams in connection with the law of Father Bryan against their going there without him giving permission.

Gemmie told her mother of the phone call. The Empress pointed out the difficulty difficulty to her children. What was to be done? They had

no means to chase the foolish crowd. And from where they live now it was a very long distance. To ask police to go there was unthinkable. Gemmie going again to the phone called up Father Carney.

"Father Carney" she explained "you know what Father Bryan told us about Mr Seserman house. And you know also that Angelina is sick. Now there is a curious crowd near Seserman house waiting for a real phenomenon. Even if Father Bryan would give us pre-permission to go and send them off we have no means of doing so. And yet the foolish people are in danger, and we don't like to leave them."

there to face trouble. What are we to do Father?

Now explain it as you will this is what happened to Father Carney. Thinking only of what had happened before, recalling that on such days the little girl had faced dire peril he promptly answered:

"No trouble at all. Obey Father Bryans injunctions at all costs. Let the fools take their medicine. If they want it and I hope they'll profit by it. Take my advice. Don't go Good bye." saying this Father Carney hung up the receiver, recalling in the act a fire phenomenon would probably be thrown upon the crowd. He removed the receiver again and realized he had forgotten

their phone numbers. "What can the matter with me?" he asked himself. This is the second time in two days that little Junnie Vivian has upset me. Yesterday I lost my judgement and today I've lost my brains. It's perfectly absurd to tell them little Vivians not to go and send the foolish crowd away, just because so many think the demons will injure them outside the crazy house.

Now let me see what is their phone number. It's Lincoln Arvine 5,000.

(It) I must correct that statement."

Taking up the telephone directory Father Carney set about finding the call number.

to make sure when the porter of the Parish house addressed him.

"Father Carney there is an urgent sick call and the priest on duty is out attending another."

An urgent sick call. When a priest hears these words he forgets everything else and goes forth with all haste to help and strengthen a soul in the supreme moment.

Father Carney thought no more of the case of the reckless crowd that noon in consequence of which the imperial family stayed home furnishing their dinner.

Once more had the good priest blundered into the right course of action. On Saturday third day of the novena a

snowy one, Angelina announced, that she felt a little better.

"The little flower is working for us," said Perrod gleefully.

"And I feel sure" said Jennie the model child of the family "that she will keep it up."

"I think" observed Violet that the thing that got her working so fast is that little dear little brother of mine who made Jennie so happy two days."

"Ah what are you blowing about?" said Perrod flushing a flushing red.

"I didn't do much to her. You'd think that I was the only good boy in the world."

"See here Perrod I am" said Violet seriously



"I'd have you know that I don't care to hear you say anything unkind about yourself. You showed us months before we discovered you were our brother, what kind of a boy you was and that's final. We have often believed you were one of our angels in disguise as you have certain unusual powers over nature." "I'll let you know who's like me in one way" put in Pernod.

"Whon that?"

"You."

"I understand I'm a sort of twin."

"Any how" said Pernod finally my opinion is that the little flower is on the job so fast because we began the novena without delay!"

Mab "maybe it was Pernod" conceded Violet. "And said the good youth. I've been thinking that little Sally Fielders will live and pray for us." "And I know you right Pernod I think your early start on that novena was just the right thing."

So Pernod started for the Fenwick club with James leaving Violet happy when he returned at noon-time, he entered the apartment with a whoop.

"Didn't I tell you Violet. you heard me say so did you not Gemmie?"

"What did you say?"

"I don't think I remember?" asked Gemmie.

"What did you tell me?" cried Violet.

"Why that the Little Flower was on the job and would keep on. Jack Evans is back."

There was a burst of delighted oh's and ah's.

"Yes I saw him at the Fenwick club this noon. And he asked about every one in the family, by name."

"Whom did he ask for first?" asked Jennie.

Jennie began Jarnes with a drawl that indicated the judicial attitude "asked that question because -"

"I take it back Jarnes" said Jennie with her sweetest smile.

"Say" mused Perrod. "I'm dreadfully hungry. Webber George and I have been practicing all afternoon and Evans has been helping us. If there's anything

to eat here lead me to it."

"Say Perrod" said Catherine. "We got beefsteak (on) and sweet potatoes, Rye bread and butter."

"Bulls eye" ejaculated Perrod. Of course it was not a banquet but it was good, and Father Carney's gold piece had also been used to a good purpose.

Also on that afternoon Joice who had been slyly going about the territory of Mr. Sesemans house, seeking vainly for a plan and clue to frustrate the Banshees returned despondent.

Of course she and her sisters and brother all obeyed Father Bryan it is true and kept

away from the dangerous place but it seemed the condition of the house was going to be hopeless and there was barely enough priests and others now at hand, courageous enough to go 'near' that place or within the grounds for an hour.

If the worst came to the worst she and her sisters by their own consent could or would have to abandon the project as beyond cure. But she and her sisters did not like to abandon a fight and besides if they did the demon might take advantage if they could see a way to repay, and they may follow wherever they go. And she did not want to abandon a

a contest which she felt might win out in the end. Her friends and neighbors were afraid of Sese man, place, they could not summon the courage to go within three blocks of the place, and others would stay still further off.

And then there was the question of the burned house on the corner of Adams, and Halsted which had been burned early in December, and could not be worked on until spring came because no reconstruction is done during a cold winter.

And then there also was the question whether they could win on the demon or not, and the dire consequences

if they did not. She had heard of the awful results if you give up the fight against them. They'd be in every place you go, follow you where ever you go and make life not worth living. She hated to think of the ship they'd take for home becoming like Seseemann's house. All the passengers would go mad.

The tears sprang to the unhappy girl's eyes at the thought that they might be forced to go and abandon their efforts and go away leaving Mr Seseemann's house to its fate and also suffer the sad consequences of their defeat.

Worst of all Gorce felt that it would not

be fair to Angelina to pretend that there seemed to be some hope still. She had deferred the sad news hoping to discover some good chance. And now it was Saturday, all hope of other help was suspended at noon and there was no prospect of aid for Monday.

To crown these misfortunes Angelina, who had been unimproving for two days was on Saturday evening giving indications of a relapse.

Gorce forced the tears back and wearing a smile that must have won her high favor in the eyes of the angels joined her sisters in their customary Saturday shower bath.

Before the Empress

children laughing and gay were so adorned that one entering the room would have felt assured that he was in a room of their regal Palace in California State.

Before supper I say for had he witnessed their regal repast (as they did not feel like eating very much he might have revised his opinions.

I wenty minutes after the beginning of the meal the plates were apparently clean, and there was so little left that only a keen eye could detect here and there a tiny crumb.

"On my birth day said Permod looking wistfully at his little sister "I'm going to ask Father Bryan to

let me celebrate the victory over the banshees in Mr. Resemans house."

His sisters became intensely interested.

"What are you going to have Permod clean?" Violet asked.

"Pie" said Permod "mince pie."

"Great" said James Andrews. His mouth watering.

"And ice cream and cream puffs and oranges and fruit cake."

"Gee goodness gracious" exclaimed Violet. "Wont it be gorgeous?"

"And raisins, and a lobster for genuine."

The little girl flushed prettily.

"I want just the same as the other Permod."

"When is that going to be Permod?"



this question came from the practical violet.

"On my birth day."

"Sure we'll defeat them by then?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Oh that's a - that's a detail."

"What kind of a detail?" asked Daisy.

"Father Briggs detail. My birth day is three month off. We'll arrange that in plenty of time and. Good Friday is April of this year."

"And Pernod" said Jennie "what sort of meat are you going to have?"

"Chicken" said Pernod firmly.

"No" said Violet "Sets have beef steak."

"Chicken" Pernod insisted with a grim.

A friendly comical

controversy arose at once. Pernod and Jennie would have chicken, the rest of the family mindful of to day blissful dinner were strong for steak.

Jennie arose and becoming lyrical sang the praises of fried chicken to such an effect that Gorge cried out

"Jennie for goodness sake stop. If you say another word about the wonders of fried chicken I'll be forced to get up and go out and rob a restaurant at once"

The picture of Gorge in the role of a highwayman provoked silvery laughter interrupted by a knock on the door.

No one was startled. Every one as Pernod rose

and caught the knob looked eager and expectant.

"Whoop!" piped Pennod "to Jack Evans himself." and forgetting all the Resernam troubles, the holy children rushed upon the big smiling fellow.

Poor Jennie now radiantly beautiful at sight of the beloved friend had a moment before been thinking with unconscious fear whether the phenomena of Mr Resernam house would follow them here, such as she read from some saunts here and there. Then it also flashed through her mind as she threw herself into the wonderful man's arms that no little girl rich or poor in all splendor and pomp or in rags could possibly feel as happy

as herself, and her brother and sisters holding his hands and plucking at his coat.

Upon my word, love is a wonderful thing.

"Stand back" presently ordered Jack Evans with a severity of tone that his twinkling eyes, redeemed.

"Get into line. I want to ask some important questions."

"Go on we're ready" said Pennod, in his overflowing happiness throwing his arm around Violet.

"James" said Evans "do you like ice cream?"

"Yes sir" answered James with supreme seriousness.

"So do I" said Catherine.

And Catherine do you like cake?"

"Not so very much, but I won't refuse anything good to eat"

"Of course" continued Evans "you wouldn't care to take anything right now? You've just had your supper I perceive."

"They all giggled."

"I think we could manage Evans" said Penrod, with a laugh. "We ate a scant supper as we were in a hurry to await your coming."

Then Jack Evans skipped out of the room, and at once came back with ice cream, and cake and - could they believe their eyes - raisin fruit cake, and raisin bread, and chicken

"I hope you'll get away

with the ice cream" observed Evans his eyes twinkling. "It's so hard to do justice to it even when you've gone and taken a small meal."

All protested earnestly that they thought they could finish it."

"Did you see the little flower come in with Jack Evans?" Gennie playfully asked Jane. "No my dear" but I do believe she did come in and that's when here now."

"You can bet your sweet life" Put in Penrod, "that she's on the job and working over time."

"My dear little Angel-lie" said Evans coming to her bedside "I'm more than glad

to see you too, but in a big way I'm badly disappointed. I thought by this time you would be up."

"So did Jack," said the little sick girl catching his hand and showing in a way her manner of welcome, fully as cordial as that of her sisters. "But today I'm beginning to fall back. I'm sure the fever is not serious. I have no pain or an ache, only heat and chills."

Jack Evans looked at her keenly.

Her face had taken on the tint of a baby just blooming into child hood. She did not look frail thin, but she appeared pathetic. She did not even show any sign of wasting away.

"My dear little Angeline" he went on, "I have come to ask you and your whole family for a very great favor."

"If its anything in our power Evans dear we shall be only too glad." It may put all your proposed arrangements out of joint."

"Perhaps we can contrive"

"It is this Angeline. We must occupy the premises three houses west of Mrs. Flannigan's burned house. But first I want your consent on that."

"But what do there?"

"It is this. I'm going to use the front room. That house is also across from Sessmanns but that window looks down the broad walk

to the entrance"

"I'm afraid" she began  
"that I can't leave my bed."

"You can go in a Taxi.  
Father Bryan orders we  
stay by day."

"Oh!"

"From nine in the morn-  
ing till say about nine at  
night."

"Perhaps we can arrange  
that"

I feel sure you can, at nine  
will come here and will be  
the permission of sitting at  
the same window. He'll  
not bother any one. He  
may come in, and come  
out. He'll be in no one's  
way. Of course he may  
interfere to some extent  
with your sacred privacy—"

"Say no more, Jack."

If its for any friend  
of yours he is welcome  
and yet as for staying

there might why we could  
not think of it — not so  
fast anywhere. None of you  
need stay at night. Not  
even think of it at all.  
About five he will leave.  
and I shall take his place  
full at the right time."

"Oh how very delightful?"

"I sent it" beamed the big  
man. "You know I shant  
spent all my time at  
the window. I should say  
not. We're going home  
here and have a party  
every night. and no end  
of fun. We may use that  
particular room untill  
good Friday."

"How happy I and my  
sisters will be. I feel  
as if I'd let you take  
our Father's place, when  
he goes elsewhere to  
duty. and just at a  
time when mother has



to go away."

"So then Angeline dear that's settled now we must tell Joyce, and Joyce may tell the others. Hey Joyce dear come in for a moment. Oh here you are. I have just concluded we make arrangements for a house, three houses west of Flannigan and use of the front room, for three weeks or so. Angeline has heard and agreed. I here'll be a man there to-morrow at nine who simply sits at the window and I relieve him from five to nine."

"Nothing doing" said Joyce. "Father Bryan said—"

"Father Bryan wants us to!"

"And you'll be able to keep guard over us and play with us?"

"Even if I have to go

and neglect my duty."

"Well if Father Bryan says so all right. Why it will not interfere with us in the least. Evans."

"Indeed it will help. And we'll have music every night—that is—" The girl suddenly paused. She just happened to recall that all music instruments across the way from Mr. Sese-mam's place might become possessed too.

She still remembered the crazy Grand Piano and its visit to the Des-plaines Street police station, and had been warned it would not be wise to bring music instruments near Mr. Sese-mam's house.

"But we can't risk staying in the house across the way at—"

"right Evans."

"You must on the whole adventure of Mr. Sessmann's house is off. And let me tell you that might be very hard on us and dangerous. I'm counting on being back at Abiearnia. You know what I mean. But excitement will make up for our loneliness."

Excitement will make us forget our homesickness."

"Of course then" said Joyce dimpling with joy I can't refuse it since you put it that way. And how glad I am that I can't. Angelina I was just wondering how I could break you the bad news. But now it is easy. On Friday I discovered Mr. Sessmann seems to be beyond hope and I did

not have the heart to tell you. I know it would worry you so. But now we have a lull for a time, long enough for me to make some plan and for you to get well."

When the others were summoned and when it was explained to them what was to be it required strenuous efforts on the part of Joyce, Pernod and Jennie to prevent them from making an outbreak of noisy rapture which would have brought in a good section of the neighborhood.

Just then Jack Evans going out onto the stairway landing returned with more packages. As he held the articles up one by one, a big expensive mechanical

top for James also gloves.  
a flirting doll for Daisy, a  
catchers mask for Period,  
also gloves, and things for  
the others' too numerous to  
mention here. The applause  
and jubilation got beyond  
control since Joe and Jennie  
were almost as loud as their  
younger sisters.

"I say Jennie you were right."  
"How do you mean Period?"

"I'm sure now the little  
flower has sent Evans back  
to us soon after the capture  
of the two wicked Georges.  
But oh suffering cats isn't  
that noverna working?"

Sunday passed without  
anything worthy of re-  
mark. Nothing happen-  
ed excepting the weather  
was stormy.

Angeline seemed to be  
getting no better or no  
worse. The delirium seem-

ed to hang fire which was  
a good sign. Even the others  
noticed that.

"Say Mr Evans" said James  
at their reunion that even-  
ing "the little flower has  
done a lot more than we  
expected but she has not  
come around to Angeline  
yet."

"You have no faith James"  
said Violet.

"I have so too I did not  
mean to say anything  
against little Therese"

"I've an idea" said Evans  
that she'll come around  
to your sister in good  
time"

And this statement  
as the writer firmly  
believes will be verified  
by a series of events  
some of them rather  
startling which are  
to be set down in this

and the following chapters.

On the Monday afternoon Perrod Vivian and George were strolling down Clark Street passing Lincoln Park from the ball grounds where their team the tigers had in two innings so signally outplayed a rival name the Yankees that the latter gave up in disgust. Not one of the players could solve the pitching of the great Webber George.

Once too it happened a gang of boys was to play a snow fort fight against another gang of superior numbers.

Three of the members of the smaller gang were Catherine Joyce and Dazy. Some boys on the other side said:

"Aw that aint fair. You-  
ve got three of the

Vivian's on your side."

One boy jokingly answered "Aw they cant throw."

"No, of course they cant," cried the other sarcastically "Theyre such poor throwers that they miss everything they aint aiming at."

There was no snow fight.

Perrod and George were elated. Moreover they had more than an hour to spare before going home.

"Suppose" suggested Perrod "we walk as far south as Jackson Boulevard?"

"That's just the direction I'd like to take" said George.

Each had had the same thought in mind. Each wanted to pass by the Hotel Sherman where per chance he might get a sight of

Jack Evans who was staying there. Who knows but he might see them and give a smile. Why he might ask them in and then they could tell him about their recent performances on the diamond.

"He's an awfully nice cousin of yours" observed George.

"He sure is" responded Pennod. There was no need to ask George to whom he referred. "And do you know George? know he is very brave".

"Is he?"

"Yes and I can tell you plenty. Why I know it. He is so nice and gentle with children that you'd think he couldn't say a rough word or give a look or look savage. But he wouldn't

be afraid to tackle his weight in wild cats. And he's as strong as a Goulla".

They now walked on in silence for some time straight down Clark street, continually towards the hotel.

"Say Pennod look who's here - on the other side of the street."

Pennod turned his gaze in the direction indicated. "Why it's Jennie and - and Angeline Rickee."

"Do you know what Jack Evans said of Angeline Rickee the other day Pennod?"

"No what?"

He said that when God made Angeline Rickee he made a girl who ought to be able to do something in Mr. Sese-mann's house better than Father Bryan can."



bet if she'd stay even alone  
in Mr. Seseemann's house  
it would be empty of  
Banshees."

Pennod laughed heartily.  
"Don't you believe Jack Evans?"  
"That's what Evans thinks."  
Pennod said. "If I or my  
sisters can't nobody can.  
I'd give it up if they would.  
Maybe she can do it maybe  
she can't. If she has the  
qualities she has managed  
to keep everything a dead  
dead secret."

"At Father Carney's doll  
sale" the other went on,  
there was a whale of  
a little girl there with  
china blue eyes and  
wheat stalk hair which  
hung way down be-  
hind and cheery  
cheeks and a big dim-  
ple. She was talking  
to another in your

language too. And she look-  
ed just like Angeline  
Richie. But she was a little  
taller. She has as much  
sense as Angeline Richie.  
Maybe a lot more and  
I'm sure she too could help  
you. She I believe is Gen-  
rie Turner."

"How do you mean she  
can help me?"

"Oh she looks like a  
demon chaser."

"I can't make out" said  
Pennod darkly why my  
sisters can't do anything  
in Mr. Seseemann's  
house."

"Neither can I" answered  
George and your sisters  
have brains. All of  
them can write most  
beautifully. My sis-  
ter said that your  
sisters young as they  
are, are the best writers

writers of English in the first Commercial Class and they are good in every-thing. And that Richer girl Jim sure could make you resemble Barnsheer look like born geese. Father Carney says the demons haven't enough sense to come in out of the rain when its raining. If Satan did get an idea into his head he'd have a seizure of brain & ever Father Carney also said he believes when God made Satan, he spent so much time giving the features the finish-ung touch that he let it go at that. So he put nothing inside his head, just left it empty. And if Satan had brain if ever it wouldn't hurt him a bit, the

fever couldn't harm him it wouldn't have enough to work upon."

"I hope Richer will come to my place." said Pernod.

The gentle praisers of Angeline Richer were now in front of the Hotel Sherman.

They looked on. Jack Evans was not in the lobby.

"It's too bad" said Pernod "maybe he's gone out"

"Who are you looking for boys?" asked a friendly faced gentle man in spotless attire. Below his close cut white moustache projected a large fat cigar standing out in a reckless angle from the corner of

his mouth.

"The Goulla - ah I mean Jack Evans" answered George.

The gentle man gave a laugh that was good to hear.

"That's a good one" he said "Poor Jack Evans called a Goulla it fits him like a glove. The Goulla"

"His enemies" explained Pennod made that nickname up out of their own head."

"Who is this boy with you?" the man asked of George.

"Pennod Vivian."

"Pennod" exclaimed the man "Are you Pennod Vivian?"

"Yes sir" said the astonished boy.

"I shake hands Pennod"

"I've heard of you. And that's Webster George"

"Say what are you? Did you hear of my pitch-ung?" asked the intensely interested Irish boy.

"I've heard a lot about both of you" came the evasive answer. The Goulla as they call him spoke about you. You are really lucky boys to have so good a friend."

"Oh George" said Pennod the light of discovery on his face. This is the man that Jennie talks so much about. It's Colonel Robert Francis Bricklewell."

"How is Jennie?" asked the Colonel.

"She's been pretty much like a little angel more than ever."

answered the brother.  
 "She may be an angel  
 in disguise" declared the  
 colonel.

"You don't know her  
 as well as I do. Most  
 of the time I believe  
 she's a dozen angels  
 in one."

"Wait boys" the colonel  
 meditated for a mom-  
 ent "Well I might as  
 well tell you. A min-  
 ute ago Jack Evans got  
 a phone call from  
 a house on Adams  
 street below La Salle.  
 He was to come at  
 once on most impor-  
 tant business. - some-  
 thing about the Sese-  
 man house. 227 was  
 the number. but  
 no name was given.  
 I advised him not  
 to go. While I am

not free to tell you all  
 I know about Jack Evans.  
 I don't think it any breach  
 of confidence to inform  
 you that there is a bunch  
 of men in favor of Mr  
 Sese man enemies in  
 this city who mortally  
 hate Jack Evans for  
 helping in this fight  
 against demons. I  
 was just beginning  
 to worry when your two  
 boys came along."

"Come on boys let's  
 go and see what's  
 going on."

"I'm with you Pen-  
 rod" said George his  
 eyes gleaming at  
 the prospects of  
 a adventure.

"Hold on boys" said  
 the colonel remov-  
 ing his cigar "Set  
 me tell you this

Jack Evans went from here to Canal street. He's going down Canal as far as 12 street because he intended to stop at a United cigar store where he expects to meet a friend for a moment. He's probably there yet. Now I goot. And keep your eyes open."

At the word and after the formality of leave taking the boys hurried away.

They had reached a moving picture theater on Canal when Pennod suddenly caught George by the shoulder. "Look," said Pennod pointing towards Ninth Street.

"I don't see anything." Sook at those two men standing just a few

feet beyond that theater. "Well what about them?" "Here go slowly? I want to (stink) think." Here's this about them you see that six foot one with that big black moustache!"

"Yes he has a big red scar over his right eye and another scar across his right cheek. That's the fellow, you know him?"

"I do not George by name or acquaintance but I recognize him" said Pennod earnestly, bringing his companion to a halt by catching the lapel of his coat. "That man lives on Madison street."

"How do you know?" "Know why? he lives right across from our house on the third floor. And though Jack Evans



hasnt said a word to me or my sisters, I think there must be something between them. That guy has two other fellows with him. Sometimes they show up at the window. Now I noticed on the very day that I and you had that big boxing match in the Skinner School yard to test your ability to join my band of scouts, that Jack Evans every now and then was cocking his eye at that window. And here, a secret George, you'll keep it under your hat wont you?

"Of course what is it?" Jack Evans is watching those three guys from our window every night. It's a

mystery, a dark mystery." "A dark mystery is right," said the delighted Irish boy.

"Another thing George those two fellows are keeping their eye on that cigar store. Do you know what that means?"

George meditated for a moment.

"By jimini" he cried rolling his dark eyes in the delight of his discovery "I means that Jack Evans is there yet." "That's what I think George."

As though to confirm his opinion Jack Evans at that moment stepped out of the tobacco store alone and proceeded to cross Canal Street. The two men at once proceeded in the same

direction.

"It's a cinch they're trailing him whispered George. Sets go on after them. Who's the other guy with the long hair, and dark glasses?"

"Never saw him before but I'm dead onto the dark one. Walk slowly George. I want to think. And I've got to think quick."

For several seconds the two moved on in silence.

"The worse of it is" said Pernod as following the two men they crossed canal and then to the other side of 7th.

"I'm certain that the dark guy knows me and also my sisters by sight. He has seen me standing at our window. Now George I'll tell you what. You go

ahead and catch up with Jack Evans. It's pretty good and certain that fellow does not know you. And when you do get up with Evans, don't let him stop or turn around and look back. That might queer the whole thing."

"Bully" said George. "I understand. Anything else?"

"Yes, let Evans know that I'm behind, trailing the two who are trailing him. Now if you want me, or if he wants me all you need do is make a sign and I'll be up with you in a hurry."

"Say Pernod you have a head you think of everything. Now I'm off."

The crowd on the

east side of Seventh Street was thick. Taking advantage of this the young scrappy Irish-boy threaded his in and out like a highly educated eel.

He easily passed the two men without attracting their notice. George breathed freely as without mishap of any sort he came within a few feet of Evans.

He felt the feeling that filled him with elation for to him this was one of the most important hours in his whole life. Before addressing himself to Jack Evans George breathed a short but earnest prayer.

"Oh I've got it" he mused.

He was directly behind his hero now.

so near that should he move his arm slightly forward he would touch the big man.

"Don't turn in Evans" he said in a low clear voice.

"Ordinarily not. 3 at your Garwage. 7 les beam follow?"

"Yes" whispered the boy still walking behind him "One's a fellow of madison street. Scan over eye and on face"

"3e odder hombre?"

"A measly shump of a guy with blackish spectacles and long light hair"

"And Peemrod Veerveen es follow beam?" or way your call beam trail zeem?"

"Yes"

"Youse geet Peernood wuz youse and beet zen to ze corner of dwellth and canal straight. ze two of youse try theek up someding to geet zan attention off me at zat corner fo ze meeneete on two"

"I get you" cried George slackening his speed and moving towards the inner side of the side wall a walk, glancing with a casual effect back he saw the two men following at a respectful distance and just behind them Peernod.

George making sure that Peernod's eyes were upon him caught the peak of his cap by the right hand, and gave it a twist to the left.

It was his signal indicating the intended

to serve a slow bull at once Peernod gliding unobtrusively past the two men and hiding himself by hugging the side walk nearest the abutting houses came on at a pace which

brought him besides George at the corner of Canal and 10th street.

"Say Peernod. You ze got to think hard fast. I ook at the nerve of Evans going about as though I told him nothing. Say he wants us to block those fellows somehow or other. -

- For a couple of minutes at the corner of 12th and canal not quite two squares from here."

"Whats his idea?"

"I don't know but I guess he wants them to lose sight of (them?) him for a minute or two. I know he's got something up his sleeve. But how are we going to do it?"

"I - I believe I've got the idea" returned Pennod slowly. "Say isn't this grand?" "Isn't it though?"

"I'm just wild with excitement" say what do you think of this "suppose we get behind those fellows and at 121st street we suddenly jump on their backs."

We are strong enough to do it. Of course we don't need to hold them down but that will stop them dead in their tracks. Then we'll skip off and beat it and

have them chase us. What do you think of that?

Pennod shook his head.

"Perhaps if we had luck we might spill them both" argued George. "That might be great. We might spill - spill - the - the -"

"The shrimp" finished Pennod. "Sure either of us could do it? believe. But there's not a chance of spilling them without creating too much of a scene and bringing help to them from people who don't know what they are. They may think we're rowdies or little robbers. If there were nobody



around we'd jump them  
good and proper. Now  
I don't want to blow but  
I think any plan is better  
but it's harder. Now get  
your ear near mine and  
listen and think hard:

There was at least for a  
minute an exciting con-  
versation, Perrod supply-  
ing the words for the most  
part. And George furnished  
the gestures.

"And now" asked George,  
as they neared the 12th  
street "on which side are  
we to stage this little  
affair?"

"Each crosses this  
street to the west  
side of it why we  
just naturally do  
it there but if he  
turns down 12th on  
the near side that's  
our side too." said

Perrod.  
Evans crossed the  
street.

The battle of Canal Street.

"That's settled it" said Per-  
rod "we cross too."

As the boys reached  
the further corner they  
stood and glared at  
each other. They mutt-  
ered they snarled. Both  
were to all seeming  
highly angry. In the  
meantime the two  
men were crossing  
the street.

"You're a dead beat"  
cried George.

"You're another" yel-  
led Perrod.

"Take it back, or I'll  
burst you one on the  
nose" returned George  
with a face that

the furies might well  
envy.

"You're another, another  
another-" and George  
aimed a left swing  
but (purposely) missed.

It would be difficult  
to any onlooker, and  
there were already several,  
to say which one  
sprang first. In a  
moment they were  
rocking at and swing-  
ing in a clunch.

Suddenly Pernod  
broke loose and with  
a violent shove sent  
George flying into  
the long haired  
man in the spect-  
acles, who naturally  
went back wards  
and nearly fell.  
Pernod was after  
him with a tiger

like spring so deftly  
timed that instead of  
leaping upon George  
he landed headfirst  
on the tall dark man's  
stomach.

On the whole the  
performance was very  
disconcerting to the  
mysterious pair. App-  
arently too excited  
to apologize Pernod  
falling to the ground  
made through the  
leg of the dark one  
for George who giving  
signs of having  
had enough ducked  
behind the confused  
pair, tripping the  
tall one to the  
ground.

At this juncture  
strong men caught  
George and Pernod,  
and as the two

victims of this trick both of them looking strangely frightened hastened away down Twelfth, exhorted the 'belligerents' to make up.

"It's nothing we were only fooling," exclaimed Pennrod brushing himself with his hands and gazing eagerly down the street.

"It was a joke" said George turning his eyes in the same direction.

Jack Evans disappeared. The trailers were gazing wildly in the direction he had gone. One of them, the long-haired man, whispered to the other and at once they quickened their steps.

A moment later the boys uttered an

exclamation of astonishment in one breath.

"Come on" said Pennrod "something is going to happen."

For as the two mysterious men passed the third house from the corner there stepped out from a doorway Jack Evans.

Positions had been reversed. The trailed one was now the trailer.

Between 13th and Canal street is a small alley called straight Lane and on the median side of straight lane was then the second district police station. As the two men were passing this the long-haired man seeing the building stopped to gaze in through the large glass windows there.

by halting his (peep?) companion. At the moment Jack Evans scarcely fifteen feet behind them broke into a run like a full back with no time to lose.

He was on the two men just as they were about to turn and resume their way. Running his left arm around the larger man's neck, and with the other picked up bodily the smaller and then the other losing nothing of his original stride he had the two inside the station house so expeditiously that no one but the two boys and a little girl across the way looking out of her window took the least notice.

"Suffering cats" cried Pennod.

"Blistering bananas" howled George "wasn't that slick?"

"Shake" said Pennod. "We put it over fune. George you're a born actor." "You're another. But what shall we do now?"

"Suppose" Pennod said that we stroll down towards the station house. I wonder what happened?"

"Sure lets go. Say we'll have something to tell your sisters and the fellows. I feel like a detective"

"We are" said Pennod with a grin. "Hello, here he comes" Jack Evans his hands in his trousers pockets sauntered

foath from the station smiling largely perfectly serene. He threw a quick eye towards Izth and seeing the boys redoubled his smiles and stretched his arms towards them in welcome.

The young detectives flushed proud and happy dashed forward and literally threw themselves upon him.

"Boys he exclaimed you are simply simply wonderful. The way you staged that affair means that you are quick witted, skillful and brave. No coward could have done that."

Permod and George gazed upon him in ecstasy.

"And more than to me you done yourselves and the little Viriam

girls a most wonderful favor. And I'm almost certain that you saved yourselves from grave disaster as well. They were no real men, they were two transformed demons demons in the form of men."

"What?" gasped the two.

"And you've done more good than I have a right to dare tell you. That long haired man—"

"The shrimp?" asked the lively Irish boy.

"Exactly. He's the most dangerous demon in the United States. He's that fearful one called Mike."

"And I shot him into you George" cried Permod.

"After I brought them into the station they told me sternly who



they were, and vanished into thin air. There's a reward out for anyone who can clear Sese's house" continued Evans, in Abbreannian. "One word more boys. Will you do me a favor, a great favor?"

"Sure" they answered, in a breath.

"Keep this whole thing quiet. It's most important for all, notice how I got them into the station despite what they were, so quietly that no one ever noticed, and I took them by surprise. I'll be nothing about it in the papers."

"It's hard sir to keep quiet" said George "but you can bet on us"

"Say Evans" pursued Pennod in accents of entreaty "if you're going

to keep that appointment on that 222 address won't you please let us go with you?"

"I'm not going" laughed Evans "But while I was in the station I arranged to send a few substitutes, ten plain clothes men. They are there now I believe."

Just then the clanging of the patrol wagon rang out.

"That proves it and now the men who wanted to meet me at that address are about to get a free ride, and will become 'guests' of the city."

On that particular Monday morning Jack Evans did not put in an appearance at the Variam.

house. As five, six and seven o'clock passed there came an unwonted feeling of depression on the expectant children. Angelina herself, still ill, had grown more feverish, but not any weaker.

Even little Daisy and Catherine became restless, and didn't feel well. To relieve the tension gentle voice who had come home foot sore after spying around Mr. Reese's house seated herself at the piano.

Being though she knew it not an artist of music, she informed her music with the sadness that was then upon her spirit.

It was all quiet beautiful but it did little to banish the surround-

ing gloom. No doubt Gora herself was feeling the better for her performance. She was passing on to the family her own depression, and in relieving herself, distressing her good audience unconsciously.

When however she struck the opening strains of *La Colondrina* a Spanish or Italian Funeral March the room turned.

"Hold on voice please please, please," entreated Benrod mindful of his splendid adventure was making a partly successful fight against the prevailing melancholy. "If you want to to play that thing bring in the corpse first." Gora turned somewhat

startled eyes upon the  
boy.

"All have a heart voice.  
Please don't play that  
now."

"Penrod is right" commen-  
ted Violet "I hate poor voices  
way always. If she feels  
gay she plays gay  
music. If she feels sad  
she serves out sad stuff.  
You ought to try the  
other way round voice.  
Please. We are all feel-  
ing bad to night"

"Yes give us a jig"  
said Penrod.

Joice apologized she  
had been indulging in  
self expression though  
of course her self  
expression never  
turned out to be self-  
ish expression. Where-  
upon addressing her-  
self once more to

the piano, she presently  
set all hearts and a few  
tiny feet dancing to the  
(mere) merriest Irish music  
music in her repertoire.

On the whole the family  
returned to their normal  
cheerful state.

Nine o'clock came,  
beads and litanies  
were recited with fervor,  
it was bedtime.

"This" observed Penrod,  
as they arose from  
their (kneess) knees  
is the fifth day, day  
of the "Novena" and -  
he was interrupted  
by a single sharp  
knock at the door.  
"Jack Evans" came the  
chorus.

But it was not  
Penrod opening the  
door with speed was  
facing a messenger

boy who giving him two letters hastened down the steps.

"What is it Pennrod?" came the chorus.

"Here's a letter for Angelina, and by George here's one for me. Here, your'n Angelina dear" and he handed his sister the letter.

"Thanks Pennrod. Please read mine privately Joe, said Angelina, 'but if you judge proper let all hear it.'"

Joe running a practiced eye down the type written page broke into a smile.

"Oh this is such a nice letter to from your father." "Read it, read it" shouted Daisy and Catherine who a moment

ago hardly able to keep their eyes open were now fully awake.

"May I Angelina? to all night."

The little fever girl nodded

"My dear little Cousin Angelina, Pardon me for breaking my engagement, but a rush of important business, long distant messages, telegrams and telephone calls has made it impossible for me to leave the hotel.

All this work came upon me suddenly because of strange doings going on at Mr. Sesemann's house and also your brother Pennrod had much to do with it. I want to compliment you on Pennrod and George.

He assisted by George has I believe saved my life and all of you

from grave disaster. Whether that be true or not, one thing is certain he and George have done a signal service to the community and the nation as well.

Pennod, is a brave boy thinks quickly, and acts quickly too.

You may well be proud of your brother - to morrow evening I hope to be on hand. With this I am sending a letter to Pennod which I am sure he will read to you. With love to all and kisses to add, I am

Your loving Cousin,  
Jack Evans.

All eyes were turned upon Pennod who sitting on the davenport was gazing as though hypnotized upon a sheet of note paper.

"What's the matter Pennod?" asked Joyce laying the hand of

affection upon his shoulder. At the touch Pennod started, roused himself and jumped to his feet.

"What I want to know" he began addressing them, "is whether I'm awake or dreaming, or asleep."

"Awake" said Joyce.

"Well then Joyce please read this and Pennod handed her the sheet of note paper.

"My dear Pennod. I have no words at command to express my admiration for your wonderful work this afternoon, nor to give you any good idea of how grateful I am to you. The demons whose capture you and George brought about was an unusual thing. You and George are wonderful beyond words. There was \$12,000 reward offered for any



who would capture the demon Mike even if he did disappear afterwards. You and George are entitled to this reward five thousand dollars each.

There are some formalities to be attended to before the proper authorities make the payments.

But I am taking the liberty of advancing five hundred dollars on account - believe it, I am advancing this -"

"Here it is" said Pennod still looking very dazed and taking out of his trousers pocket a roll of ten dollar bills "Here Violet you count them, I can't. Gee I know I'm not asleep, but I can't believe it!"

"I am advancing this money promptly because everything is needed. And you and your sister need to carry on the big fight. And because as

George and you are done I am sure it will be of immediate assistance. George will be paid in full when the necessary formalities are complied with. As there may be some delay before the balance still due you are paid I want you to understand clearly that in case of any shortage of ready money, you may command me, or if I be absent Colonel Robert at any time, for any sum up to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Among the telegrams I have just sent out is one to your mother. I am grateful and I pray that I may be able to show my gratitude not in words but by deeds.

God bless you all

Devotedly

Jack Evans"

"I believe there are fifty ten dollar bills

whispered Violet as she returned the bills to Pennod.

"Here mother they are yours" said the boy prince and as he handed them over the hero of the afternoon broke down.

"Do you feel bad Pennod."

"No" sobbed the boy "I feel good."

"We ought to be now very happy people" said Daisy "but yet Pennod goes and cries."

The spell was broken. They were no longer dazed. The gloom was lifted. The winter was over and gone.

The flowers red roses danced unto their cheeks and although the situation was not taken up

seriously Jennie and Violet assisted by Pennod improvised a "love feast," ice cream being the principal feature.

"Who" demanded Violet "said the little flower was lying down on the job?"

"But Pennod" pleaded Jennie "tell us all about it. We are dying to know."

"Oh it was nothing at all, anyhow Jack Evans told us not to talk, and Webster George and I have agreed not to say one word. We might say too much and give ourselves all away to the devil of Mr. Serran house."

"Say mother dear" said Daisy, "Catherine and I have talked and we are elated, that the devil Mike was

shown his place, may we offer our communion as a thanksgiving to monow even though, our novena is not yet finished?"

"Yes dear"

"And offer it for Angelina?"

"Yes dear at the same mass."

While the two younger Virians shrieked and clapped their hands in sheer joy, Jennie turned to Violet.

"Violet I want to ask you a favor I am suspicious of something I know it"

"We all love you Jennie" said Violet simply -

"And - and pray for me for now and then and this is one of the times

Violet I am afraid something is going to happen. Bernad made me very happy that afternoon you know, and I know the demons resent it bitterly."

"We will all pray to the little Flower"

On Tuesday afternoon shortly after three o'clock Bernad Varnan and Webster George their faces telling the tale of peace peace and good will towards all men emerged from the sporting goods store of Goldblatt Brothers which as every one in Chicago knows is an unusual store.

"Gee" sighed Bernad "I wish we had a fight with Mr. Sere-

man's house's to morrow. I can hold any sort of ground against them with boxing gloves like these."

"Good morning" came a cheery voice. The affable Colonel Bridewell, breathing gratefully the fresh late winter air, rejoicing in the golden sunshine of a perfect cold March day and looking as though the unusual weather was his own arrangement, paused in his walk and gazed with genial eyes upon the two pals.

"Good morning sir," said Pennod "Oh I say Colonel you ought to see the boxing gloves I picked out."

"They're a wonder And I've got two bats that I'm sure are going to put me up on the five hundred class."

"That's so added George and Pennod is going to let

me use the bats too. We are partners you know."

"The bill for them is for four dollars and seventy five cents."

"And" asked the Colonel "Are you paying for them out of your own pocket?"

"Yes sir. You know Colonel it's this way. We always have money as we are of the Abbeemian Royal Family, and holy as we are we are the wealthiest persons in the whole world."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. He remembered the time when a hundred dollars looked very big to him. He too had once been a boy like Pennod.

"Now you know sir, I always use good judgement in spend-

ing it. And I didnt forget.  
did I George?"

"You sure didnt" answered  
his pal.

"But you have nt spent  
it all" the Colonel remarked.

"No, I have twenty five  
cents left. George and I are  
now going to have a good  
lemon soda, cold as it is.

The price for two is thirty  
cents. George has the extra  
nickel. And then sir I'm  
through and going home  
after a visit to a doc.

"Don't you think that's all  
right" sir?"

"How's your sister Ange-  
line?" asked the good  
Colonel Colonel.

"Not so well sir. She  
had a sort of chills  
or chill spells this morn-  
ing. ending in a sort  
of fainting spell and,  
we were frightened.

She keeps on getting  
weaker and weaker. I've  
been thinking about her  
ever since."

"Were you thinking about  
her while you were buy-  
ing these things?"

"That's the only thing  
I ever did. It would be  
strange for any boy  
going to buy things  
and be almost the only  
time when he'd not  
think about his sister  
or mother. I dont like  
that kind."

"And that," said the  
Colonel becoming rat-  
her serious "is just the  
time any boy should  
have been thinking  
about his sister or  
mother most."

"I certainly did"

"But you didnt seem  
to show it."



"How do you mean sir?"

"I meant this. You love your sick sister."

"I should say I do even more than myself."

"But how do you show your love? Why didn't you think to get her some little gift out of your very own money? I'll tell you why. You think that since your sister carries her own purse she can buy herself what she wants and it's true, she can, also it never occurred to you to think how much your sister or your mother would love any little thing from you."

Children, the best of them take all kinds of gifts and sacrifices from their mothers and relations as a matter of course. It

never occurs to them, to make gifts of their own, and sacrifices in return. Do you see what I mean. Set me put it to you in another way. Suppose your sisters like roses and violets. They buy themselves a bunch and take them home.

Of course they get full enjoyment out of them. But suppose that you, a boy of ten knowing that your sisters like flowers go and buy them a bunch out of your own money don't you think they'll enjoy them a lot more?"

"I guess you're right sir. And would they love them? I should say so. And we did. Say George you rem-

ember we went to Spaulding half an hour ago and got that big bunch of flowers for all my sisters and mother too. I've sent Garner after more money so we could get Angelina something else too I wonder what's keeping him?"

"Oh look here" protested the colonel "I'm spoiling all your fun"

"Not so sn. I would gladly get lots of good things for my sisters I never refuse he refused to do the least thing for my sisters or my parents in my life. I do love them all but I can't express it I sent Garner with the flowers. I know many never think of it that way."

"And that" philosophized the colonel, "is

the way with most young boys and girls, even the best of them. They only think of flowers for their mother, and relatives when they are dead, which is about as sensible as the fellow who keeps all his money intended for charity till he's dead.

He gets no fun out of giving it himself and the (Sawyer) Sawyers and the Courts get all the fun, and the relatives whom he never knew get the money, and the poor get the gate. There are many thousands of good mothers who go to the grave in sorrow because their children never took the trouble to show by some outward sign

the love that was really in their hearts."

"She says it will be all right Pennod" announced George coming out of Spalding.

"Well run along boys and remember this." "Get other boys and girls to follow your example. When ever they strike anything good they should let their mothers, sister or brother in on it." "The boy or girl that does not love their parents, brother or sister is not fit to keep company with rats, or are dials."

"I thank you I will" said Pennod "I'll remember what you said."

As the boys now joined by Garner sped away the Colonel

entered Spauldings.

"Are you the lady that was waiting on that little boy just now?" he inquired, picking out a young woman whose face showed kindness in every line.

"Yes sir"

"I thought as much from the description of you" said the old youngster solemnly.

"He said you were the kindest and the most beautiful sales-lady that he has ever seen"

"How much money do you want to borrow sir?" said the sales lady demurely.

"I dont" returned the Colonel "But I'll tell you what I want you've got Pennod Viriano

address?"

"He gave it to me three times sir. He was afraid I might send the goods to the wrong address."

"All right. Now I'm Francis Bride well!"

"Oh indeed. I've heard of you."

"I'm not the one who was sent to jail the other day for signing other people's names to bogus checks."

The young woman giggled.

"I know you are not you're at the Sherman's."

"Correct. Now you select for the boy a base ball outfit and send it to Pernod Varnan to, tomorrow morning."

"Certainly sir."

"And charge it to my

account. Hold on I see its only four dollars and fifty cents. Here's the cash, and be sure to mark the package paid in full."

"Yes sir. Anything else?" "Nothing else" laughed the colonel beating a hasty retreat.

The two boys meantime hastened over to O. Malley's food food store on Van Buren street, were keen on getting steaks failing to get which Pernod compromised on a dozen or more large pork chops.

Attached to a bouquet of roses and violets brought especially for Angelina was a card inscribed.

"To Angelina with love

from Pennod"

"That Colonel sure has some grand ideas" said George.

"I wonder indeed where he gets them say Webber George I feel better over this than even the catcher's glove. I think I'll even cancel it and replace it for something else for my sister. I know my sisters will be surprised and George I want you to take them. It will be easier on me and you tell them all not to worry. I may be home late but it will be all right"

"What are you up to now Pennod?"

"We got an idea. So long"

Then Pennod walking as far as Adams turned towards Halsted

street he stopped at a building consecrated to physicians offices. Entering the elevator he asked to be let out at Dr Kelly's office.

"Third floor here you are" said the elevator man.

"I want to see Dr Kelly miss" said Pennod politely removing his hat, and grinning at the young lady who seated at a desk guarded the entry way.

"Is he in?"

"Why" replied the young woman regarding Pennod's eyes with interest "I think he is. His office hours are over but if he hasn't gone out I'm sure he'll see you. Sit down for



a moment and I'll see"

"How nice every body is to me" thought Pennod. It did not occur to him that others were nice to him because he himself was nice to them.

"You are just in time. Dr. Kelly was on the point of going out. He says to come right along"

She took Pennod by the hand and presently opening a door motioned him in. "I'll take your name and address afterwards" she said.

Seated at a table legs spread out and hands in pockets was a middle aged man who looked young. His eyes were on the floor his face thoughtful in expression. He was in what is commonly

known as a brown study, on hearing Bernod's entrance he lifted his eyes, kindly eyes, beaming from behind a pince-nez, and gazed inquiringly at the boy who at once grinned broadly. "Why, upon my word," cried the doctor, the look of care vanishing from his face. "Is Bernod Vinnian how do you do?"

"Fine and dandy sir. Have not seen you for a long time. Say are you not a friend of Father's Casey and Carney?"

"I should say I am. Father Casey was my beloved patient sixteen years ago."

"I like him too said

Pernod, "awful much"

"So then welcome" said the general doctor extending his arms in greeting.

Pernod skipped over and shook hands warmly while the doctor glanced sharply at the lad's face.

"You don't mean to say you're ill?"

"No sir."

"I thought so Pernod for you don't look sick though I firmly believe a juicy beef steak would do you no harm."

"Gee" laughed Pernod already perfectly at ease. "I should like that first rate sir."

"Well what have you come about Pernod?"

"I want you to do me a great favor sir."

"And that is"

"My sister Angelina is sick. We've been very suspicious for a long time and she's getting weaker and weaker. It's that strange tropical blood germless fever she's got down at French Guiana. And she hasn't had a doctor yet and do you know why?"

"I'd be glad to know."

"Well here's the way I dope it out. She's sacrificing herself to God to win at Sessomram house also for the sake of myself and sisters."

"That said the doctor emphatically his fine features expressing sympathy, 'was fine'."

"She's a record breaking little saint sir."

There was a twinkle  
in the doctor's eye.

"But now doctor the  
situation is different"

"How so Permed?"

"We are no longer bot-  
hering about Mr Rese-  
man's house"

"You aint?"

"No sir"

"That aint good news"

"In fact we are no  
longer bothering about  
it at all."

"Unusual"

"Yes we have at the  
advice of Father Bryan  
now stopped it until  
further notice from  
him"

"That" said the doc-  
tor fanning down light-  
er emotions and  
almost suppressing  
the twinkle in his  
eye "is the worst

motive to swallow. It  
is what the writer of novels  
call "untold wisdom"

"Do they sir?"

"Yes"

"Well I guess it is now  
doctor I wish you would  
take a good look at  
Angelina. It is a present  
from me for her."

Pardon my curiosity  
but what did you  
do about the Reseman  
disturbance since you  
left last"

"Nothing and I brought  
roses and violets for  
Angelina."

"Well you certainly  
must love her"

"I do sir. And Colonel  
Bride well gave me  
the great idea to get  
others to do the  
same. Other boys  
and girls if left

to themselves will blow it on themselves. You know how it is Sir?  
Colonel Bride well? repeated the doctor delight showing up on his face.

"You know him Sir?"  
"Then a beloved patient of mine, Period my boy. You sure have skill in picking out your friends."

"Perhaps doctor you know Jack Evans?"  
"Who?"

"Then a pipper. His name is Jack Evans."

"Tell me about him"  
Period grew eloquent and he was eloquent because he loved.

The doctor gave ear with undivided attention and growing delight he him it

was a splendid quarter of an hour. When Period had done with his unvarnished tale the doctor was wondering whether the little flower was not one of Period's most intimate friends.

"Period" said he, when the boy had come to a pause "I'm due at St Joseph's Hospital in an hour. But if necessary my patients can wait as to the fee one thing is sure it won't cost you anything as I won't charge you good Virrains for you've helped me when in trouble".  
Period grinned wildly. He was already in love with



Dr Kelly.

"Here we go Pennod" resumed the doctor putting on his hat and picking up a small hand satchel. "If you have no objection I'll take you in my car."

"Thank you sir."

"Angelina" cried Pennod bursting in on the little invalid. "I've brought you a present. Here doctor Kelly has the man that saved Father Carney and he's a friend of the Colonel and he's going to fix you up too."

Dr Kelly, shook hands with the good little girl, fondled the others and paid his respects to Mrs Gerry having done all of which in the

manner of one attending a wedding feast and not a rich person he requested all except Mrs Gerry to go into the adjoining room.

"Oh Pennod" said Jennie "You should have seen Angelina when George brought the flowers." "She laughed and she cried" said Violet.

"How did you come to think of it Pennod?" asked Jennie.

"I don't know But Colonel Bridge well suggested it after I got them."

"And when" said Violet "Angelina said God bless and protect my darling brother Pennod, I nearly cried myself."

"Oh" said Pennod "how

I hope that Doctor Kelly will cure her for good I feel sure he can."

Soon the door to Angelina's room was thrown open, revealing the doctor, his serene face somewhat grave.

"Well" cried Pernod eagerly "What the news?"

The doctor's lips parted slightly.

"Children there's no real illness of your sister. She's well."

"Well?" came the echo. "Yes, well. The only trouble with her is that the evil spirits are doing something to her. This is a case for a priest."

Pernod and Cheryl his sisters exchanged glances.

"Ever since you people quit the fight

at Mr. Serenam's house your sister children, has been under the mysterious influence of the devils who make it appear to her and to you too that she's got the blood fever when she hasn't. For more than a week your sister without knowing it has been under some spell or trick of the demons."

There was a groan from the listeners. "I feel quite sure if it had not been for Pernod bringing me your sister in a few more days would have been in a serious condition. For sure, I gave her an injection to forestall the condition. When I leave, I'll go

and asked Father Carney  
to come and see her"

"Oh" moaned Gorce "How  
blind we have been,  
Is she possessed?"

"No, no. a child possess-  
ed by angels can't be  
possessed by devils. They're  
making her ill, or at  
least trying to that's  
all she and the rest of  
you, are the noblest lit-  
tle Royal children I

have ever met. I want  
to see her again. Gorce  
remember my instruct-  
ion, follow Father Car-  
ney's advice and she'll  
be up in three days  
and around in a  
week. Try and get  
her down to the break-  
fast table to. Mon-  
day morning. And  
when I come again  
it will be I trust,

as a friend:

"You bet" roared Pennod,  
"and not as a doctor.  
Good bye children, no, no,  
Pennod keep those dol-  
lars. Oh very well if you'll  
have it so, I'll take one."

That night the dollar  
neatly framed hung  
over Kelly's bed. It is  
there yet.

On Friday morning  
the fourth day of the  
novena Angelina arose  
and made her way  
assisted by Gorce to the  
breakfast table. It was  
a happy reunion.

Father Carney and  
Casey, had come at the  
doctor's request and  
put a speedy end  
to this new mani-  
festation. They however  
doubted the disturbance  
would stay away.

"This mavena" said Pennod  
"my mavena is turning  
out to be a one hundred  
per cent success."

"And to day is the fourth  
day" mused Violet.

"Who knows but the one  
half of the one per cent  
may come to day. Its hard  
to live out the little flower.  
She likes to be asked  
for favors. I've been  
reading her life. She  
was born in 1873  
and she died a young  
girl in 1897. She was  
only twenty four then."

"If she were alive  
now children" said the  
queenly mother she  
would only be  
the same age as  
I am. She also  
was born the same  
year as your father."  
"If God loved her

so "said Jennie," why did  
He let her die so young?"

"That's easy Jennie" said  
Violet "She wanted to die  
young"

"But why?"

"Sittle Theresse, she liked  
to be called little, and was  
a very (organ) original  
sort of saint. Lots of pious  
people want to live long  
so as to work harder for  
God, now the Sittle flower  
wanted to die young. But  
because she claimed  
she could do more to help  
people if she were in  
Heaven than if she were  
on earth.

"Many millions of peo-  
ple don't see that at all  
and neither do I said  
Jennie "Why I want to  
live a very very long  
life. I could do more  
good in all the years

"I live than in twenty four,  
cant I?"

Just as like as not" said  
Perrod helping himself to  
another wheat cakes "that'll  
give the demons twice as much  
time to do triple as much  
harm to you"

"Any girl" observed Violet  
who goes running around  
with Angeline Richie is sure  
to much good on earth and  
every where. I also refer  
to another, Jennie Turner.  
They're planning some-  
thing to help Father Bry-  
an aid us"

"The demons will re-  
venge on them demons  
too" retorted, Violet.

"I wonder what for?"  
asked Perrod.

"I doubt" observed  
Joice whether they can  
help Father Bryan or  
not. Now for instance

Webber George Stanislaw  
that little Polish scamp could  
help us some way but  
he's too much of a scardy  
cat."

"I'll bet its some fool  
thing like that" said  
Perrod "I cant ever, never  
never forgot what he  
called me before you  
little girls and you, and  
my father in Lincoln  
Park. Something that  
is going to be dread-  
fully difficult for me  
to figure. I felt like  
going back to Abre-  
garrua that very  
day of course I sup-  
pose the little flower  
loves him"

"I see him? What  
for?" retorted Violet,  
her eyes flashing.  
"I believe the little  
flower loves him"



for what is best in him" observed Gorge whereas Violet uncurred her lip.

"Of course the little Flower loves him" Persuaded Jennie "In fact the bigger the sinner a person is the more she loves him."

Violet gazed sharply at the speaker.

"Yes" Jennie continued, the little Flower loves him."

Violet's gaze became more sharp. She caught <sup>Jennie</sup> ~~Gorge~~ with this question.

"Suppose he never repents, will she love him then?"

But Gorge said:

"That's a matter of yes and no."

Angelina put in with "The little Flower said, 'I will spend my time in Heaven doing good

upon Earth," she is certainly keeping her word" observed the mother.

"And Mother" Persuaded Violet "she was so sure of herself. She had no, no doubt about her power to do good. One of the famous things she said - it in great big letters in the book about her - is this, 'In Heaven the good God will do all I desire because I have never done my will upon earth.'"

"And what was that other pretty thing she said Violet?" asked Permod.

"You told me yesterday."

Her other saying" answered Violet, taking a second glass of milk was the most

beautiful one of all. When-  
ever I think of it I just  
fancy myself in a beau-  
tiful garden full of flowers  
and of lovely little children.  
Here it is - "After my  
death I will let fall a shower  
of roses."

"Like the kind Pennod got  
for Angelina?" asked Daisy.

"No Daisy I don't think  
so. It means a shower  
of benefits which are  
beautiful and fragrant  
because they are red with  
love and fragrance with  
the sweet ness of the lit-  
tle flower"

"You surely didn't make  
that up said Gennie."

"No I did not" I heard  
it from Father Carney."

"Well" said Pennod  
'all I've got to say is  
that the roses have  
been falling pretty

fast in this family since  
we began that novena."

"That novena of yours  
was your big idea" Violet  
returned tranquilly. "That  
novena of yours"

"That novena of mine?"  
there was scorn against  
himself in his voice.

"Yes that novena of yours  
and again I say it was  
your big idea. You I  
know don't want to  
get all the credit, but  
you can't back out. You've  
admitted it yourself. A  
few days ago rose number  
one was the steak for  
Angelina sent by the  
Colonel. Then came rose  
no. two the return  
of Jack Evans. Rose  
no. three the visit of  
Father Carney."

"Don't forget to put  
in Pennod, that Father

Carney left twenty five dollars" said Catherine.

"It was to me" said Catherine tossing her head to bring a strand of hair back in place "that Father Carney presented the gold piece"

"Most of the little flowers roses are without thorns" said Violet. "Here, one that came to Angelina with one thorn"

Go on Period" said Gertrude hastily.

Rose no. 3 our "What second very large beefsteak meal for Angelina and all of us, no thorn about that. Rose no 5 Jack Evans treat and presents to the whole family. Rose no 6 his visits every night and his money for

hiring the front room." Every visit he makes is a rose" put in Violet. Then a shower of roses himself. Go on Period. It is good to recall those things." "Rose no 7 the way Jack Evans got the drop on those two devils disguised as humans. Rose no 8 the \$20,000 reward. And just look at the spread we are having now since we came to this country.

Eating like I said not food and getting up from the table without feeling hungry.

Rose no 9, the talk I had with the Colonel. He showed me how to cure boys and girls who were willingly are selfish to their

to their mothers. Rose no. 10  
 In Kelly's visit and rose  
 no. 11 which is best of all  
 Angelina's cure from the  
 mysterious devil sick-  
 ness"

"Hurrah" cried Hettie  
 "you can't expect roses with-  
 out thorns" said Jennie.

"That's true" admitted Violet  
 Suppose I count the thorns.  
 no. 1 Angelina's strange  
 devil sickness. I have  
 no 2 Grace losing hope  
 of success in spying  
 on Mr. Serenians  
 crazy house. I have  
 no 3 Grace again un-  
 successful. I have 4  
 the undesirable ac-  
 quaintance with wicked  
 cowardly Webster George  
 Stanislaw. And  
 Angelina's (thorn) cure  
 has turned one thorn  
 into a rose as soon

as Grace discovers a clue  
 about Mr. Serenians  
 crazy house, another  
 thorn will be gone.  
 That leaves only one  
 thorn. But there's five  
 days more of the  
 novena. The only thorn  
 that will be left is  
 Stanislaw.

"The best rose, the  
 most beautiful is  
 that Angelina Bichee is  
 with us. I have heard  
 good folk say that  
 she and my sisters  
 are beautiful. When  
 they've said that they  
 said everything to  
 the perfect truth."

"Beauty" said Jennie  
 loftily is sufficient  
 only skin deep and  
 has no reason for  
 its existence  
 when its used for

pride and vanity.  
 "Where did you get that  
 asked Pernod and what  
 does it mean?"

It means that many  
 people who are beautiful  
 spoil every thing by  
 letting their beauty spoil  
 their souls. Good people  
 who are really beautiful  
 are worth having around  
 even if they do nothing  
 and say nothing and  
 yet are of good use to  
 every one"

"That" said Violet is all  
 right for a rainbow or  
 a sunset but you know  
 from your catechism  
 Jennie what man was  
 created for. and besides  
 it might be all right  
 in a way if beauty  
 didn't go in for wrong  
 things. People some  
 times scare me here"

"We are unusually kind  
 and cheerful in speak-  
 ing of everyone, so I can't  
 see how that can be."  
 spoke the mother

"That's right but it  
 depends" said Pernod.  
 "Most of all our school  
 girl and boy friends  
 like us to a nice degree,  
 they dress nicely."  
 "And they're as clean  
 as flowers" added  
 Violet.

"And they're always  
 cheerful" Pernod went  
 on.

And they don't use  
 profane language"  
 declared, Joyce.

"And" said Pernod  
 unable to refrain  
 from the idea that  
 just came into his  
 mind. "Webster  
 George Stanislaw never



robs banks, or hold up  
trains"

"Oh you're so funny"  
Bernard giggled Gernie.

"Yes Gernie I know it some-  
times I think I'm too fun-  
ny to live"

"I can't say he'd like  
your jokes." exclaimed  
Catherine.

"Stanislaw" put in Violet  
always loses his sense  
of humor, when something  
compels him to go  
past Mr. Sesemanns  
crazy house. He then  
runs like a deer"

"Well" interposed  
Empress Vivian, since  
this is the fourth day  
of the novena, let us  
remember first of  
all our solemn pro-  
mise to Mr. Sesemann.  
All the detectives, many  
police, and half the

number of priests hold  
that the condition of Mr.  
Sesemanns is hopeless,  
and are working now  
on the matter of re-  
questing you, all of  
you to give it up. But  
don't do it. And I don't  
want to believe it is  
hopeless."

"Neither do I" said Violet.  
I dreamt of that crazy  
house last night and  
thank God dreams don't  
come true"

and next children  
while we are waiting  
for the approach of  
Good Friday we all  
want God to get a  
chance to discover  
the right thing about  
Mr. Sesemann house.  
so we can resume  
our fight and carry  
it to success. just

now under Father Bryan's orders we are acting as if we have abandoned the Reseman adventure which seems to me rather precarious and giving the boys time to concentrate more strongly."

"We are living like people who always got to fight demons" said Pennod.

"I love Father John Bryan" said Catherine.

"Me too" added Daisy.

"And there's one more thing" continued their mother.

"I know Mother" said Pennod "to engage the aid of the entire girls' scout force who came over here."

"Yes children. Oh how I wish we did

that long ago. And do ask the little Elower, to arrange things so that they can do a lot for Father Bryan, or if that cannot be done, at least that they can keep foolish curious crowds away from that dangerous neighborhood."

"And I'm praying very hard" said Violet "that we do not again be interfered with by snobs."

"What are snobs Violet?" asked James.

"People who look down on those poorer than themselves and look up at people who are richer. Father Carney says that snobs are even so much vulgar than the dirtiest of

drinking burns."

The conversation was now halted by a sharp knock at the door.

"Is something from the little flower" said Violet as Perrod threw open the door.

It was a messenger boy.

A letter for Mrs Empress Vivian" he said.

"Oh quick mother read it" pleaded Perrod as he closed the door and with three bounds brought the missive to the mother. "Why" she said as tearing open the envelope, she ran her eyes over the page "its from Colonel Bride well".

The little girls in various ways gave demonstrations of glee. "Thank God" she

presently exclaimed: "Sister children"

"Dear Empress Vivian, The young lady who attends our switch board at the Hotel Sherman, has several times been called up by some detective who told her something about Mr Sherman haunted house.

Jack Evans in his broken English tells me that your little daughter Joice is unsuccessful in trying to scout about the place, and yet she knows all about such scouting.

There is some unusual information for her. Could she come to morrow at nine sharp? I'll see to it that she gets five per cent more success at her interprize than if she tried it by herself.

All Also I can assure you that she will be treated with courtesy by the guests.

I met your good little son the other day and I want to say that I like him very much. but I must also say that your son if he dressed like a girl would be mistaken for your little daughter Violet. How is Gemma? She made a splendid impression on me.

With all good wishes.

Yours truly  
Bob.

"Hurrah," cried Pennod "I have another rose. And in counting up a while ago, I forgot to put in the baseball suit and that came as a surprise."

"It's almost too good to be true" said Grace. "This means I might find out something about the mystery!"

And my dear Pennod" said Empress Vivian

"you have forgotten one of the most beautiful roses of all"

"What is that mother?"

The flowers you sent all of us, and the twenty-four roses you sent Angeline. She says the moment they came into her hands and she read the card you sent with them was the happiest moment she ever had. It was not the flower but the expression of your love which came with them that gave a moment of real true bliss"

Pennod blushed hotly. He was delighted and confused. He wanted to say something and knew not what to say, when he was relieved by a light

continuous tapping at the door.

"Maybe its the little flower herself" said Violet.

"I hope it is" whispered Daisy.

Gernie had hastened to greet the caller. As she threw open the door Pernod said: "Hunnah"

"No it was not the little flower nor one of the little saints messengers.

It was Angelina Ritchie.

"Good morning everybody" cried the young miss with a smile.

a radiant smile that comprehended everybody.

"Good morning James.

she added to the boy in broken English "Ets a sweet but ze col, col day, wuz ze leedle snowre"

Receiving a greeting

from each one Angelina Ritchie continued in English for James benefit.

"How are Jack & Emma?"

"Fine and dandy" said Daisy. Angelina Ritchie suddenly gazed upon Pernod.

"Isn't your brother just too lovely for words (not)

continued the blue eyed golden haired girl. You who are his sisters are lucky. Such adorable eyes and such a manly stride.

And did any of you notice how straight his lashes are over his eyes. Her

Violet, twin sure enough.

"Aw go on" said Pernod, his face flushing red. "They're better than me. And they choose you as a companion because you are a girl with sense."

"Oh" giggled Angelina



Richee, still not thrown out of her stride "That's too bad you didn't find out they were your sisters sooner. What did I come to talk about? Oh yes. Say Gemme, can I see you and Joyce outside for a moment. The others will know later on".

"Certainly" said both girls, their voices betraying a certain eagerness.

"Well" princesses "she whispered when the three were alone on the landing outside: "any news"? "Yes yesterday afternoon we met him in front of a North Avenue moving picture house."

"You did? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes we went in the show with him

and he sat between us. And how he did talk in our language not very loud, about the crazy house".

"Oh he did?" whispered Angelina Richee actually quivering with delight. "And what did he say about Father Ryan?"

"He said all sorts of nice things. He also said that he had met and known well, no end of extremely beautiful young ladies and little girls in New York and Chicago too, but that for beauty I and my sisters had all of them thrown in the shade, and he wondered exceedingly how we had courage enough to meddle with the power of

darkness, in Mr Sesemann house"

"Did he really?" gurgled Angelina Riches. "Oh princesses he really doesn't mean it."

"Oh yes he does. And he asked all kinds of questions about Mr Sesemann 'haunted' house and of what the spirits did and so on. He also asked all kinds of questions about what we tried to do."

"And what did you say?" Did you see him too Angelina?"

"Yes"

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him you were Abreannian princesses, fairies possessed by angels and that Father Bryan was

the best devil w chaser in this country and that he could rank above a lot of professionals. I spoke in my broken English but he understood me and he was so delighted. I say princesses his narrow black hair sure looked lovely and there was a little curl that came down over his forehead on the left side, which was just killing. I heard people in New York and Ann Conmatti say or call him Sad Beautiful"

"And what else did he say?"

"He said it was a shame for you girls to be unable to drive the spirits and that there some-

thing wrong there that you can't like says if you did succeed it would, surely cause a big sensation. He's been fixing up his moustache pruncesses and he's got it twisted at the ends like-like a dream."

The two went on to discuss the unknown young man's moustache, his wonderful chin, and the way he was dressed. All this was intensely yes intensely interesting to the three little girls. Genuine to whom the hope for good help against the demon was a species of intoxicant was 'drunk' with elation.

and indeed the reader will now begin to understand the change that had taken place in Jennie and Joyce.

during the course of the Novena. They had met this Lord Bountiful at a moving picture show. He had sat between them so that they could talk to him better. In the movie news reel of the week there were to their blank astonishment several scenes laid in Jackson Boulevard. It was the movie scenes of things happening at Mr. Sessman's house and they saw themselves and Pernod and their sisters there too.

The Lord Bountiful had kindly explained the nature of the locality, and thrown in such additional scraps of information as to pave the way to further acquaintance

with the crazy house also when Jennie or Gora said anything about their own doings there, he had listened to them with a deference which was very encouraging.

The children knew he was wise and sincere. They are those kind who crave victory over the devils as the toper craves booze and other vile liquors. Jennie and Gora became as you'd call it 'drunk' with hopes of success in spite of deference.

Ever since meeting him they had been indulging in hopes of finally seeing victory in hopes of a detach of fighting against the fiends. They knew now that the Sese man

was in a dangerous a most dangerous condition. Any one no matter how sensible normally, become reckless once they think they can do the difficult task immediately.

Bill Pernoch's sisters were never carried away by such acts of devil or dare devil recklessness for they have the intelligence of the angels who possess them and secretly suspected why they did not yet win out.

There was something the matter with their sacred Paloo. They were secretly investigating to find the defect.

When Angelone Quichee and the two little Unnam had

discussed together for fully half an hour they re-entered the room.

"Your Majesty" said Angelina Ritchie, "I've come to ask you a favor."

"Yes Angelina Ritchie" "I'd should like to have Gemmie and Gorge come over to our place after dinner for an hour or two - oh no your Highness we're not going down town in this weather"

"I really do not like to say no" said the mother "but I may need Gorge"

But your Highness I have a plan of something that will be of help to you all Gemmie and Gorge has some plan for marking out the mystery of the Serenian

house which is investigated also by the St Vincent Society. She promised to have them ready by tomorrow if possible. I thought that I can yet get help for you! And I and Bountiful is the Chief of Detectives of New York. He too will help. We work together"

Empress Virrian could not refuse anything to the way of this cause. "And you'll not keep them long?"

"Oh no. Empress Virrian. If at least Gemmie comes at once she ought to be back by four at the latest"

"Very well Angelina Ritchie."

Shortly after one o'clock that snowy afternoon, Permod



wishing to see whether George Blamugan on most important matters hurried on till he reached the dwelling place of his tried and true pal. Of course he did not go in.

That is not the way of any boy no matter what nationality he is, to be seen giving three shrill whistles. Waiting for several minutes and getting no reply he opened his mouth and gave forth a sound which was in the nature of a yodel without any musical setting.

George came out  
"Hallow Permod, whats up?"

"George I'm afraid."  
"Afraid, aw go chase yourself. You're not afraid of anything."  
(my) "Yes I am  
my sister Jennie hears